THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 152 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · JUNE 7, 1941 NUMBER 23

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 653

EDITORIALS

Vichy Versus France 656
The Coming Labor Crisis 657
Before the Battle *by Freda Kirchwey* 658

ARTICLES

A Tale of Two Oceans *by I. F. Stone* 659
Are Empires All Alike? *by Lewis Corey* 661
Convoy Out of London *by M. B.* 664
Of Coca, Cola, and the Courts *by Jerome H. Spingarn* 666
Poison in the Air *by Philip G. Brady* 668
In the Wind 669
A Native at Large *by Jonathan Daniels* 670

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Classics Fight Back in France *by Berthold C. Friedl and Irvin Ehrenpreis* 671
Caviar for the People *by Babette Deutsch* 672
England at War *by Ralph Bates* 673
Words and Music *by Jacques Barzun* 674
In Brief 676
Films: Extras Again *by Anthony Bower* 676
Records *by B. H. Haggin* 677

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 678

Editor and Publisher
FREDA KIRCHWEY

Managing Editor ROBERT BENDINER
Washington Editor I. F. STONE
Literary Editor MARGARET MARSHALL

Associate Editors
KEITH HUTCHISON MAXWELL S. STEWART

Dramatic Critic
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Business Manager and Director of Circulation
HUGO VAN ARX

Advertising Manager
MARY HOWARD ELLISON

Published weekly and copyright, 1941, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Washington Bureau: 856 National Press Building, Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Shape of Things

THE LOSS OF CRETE IS A BITTER BLOW FOR the British. In contrast to the setbacks in Yugoslavia and Greece, the defeat is particularly hard to swallow because it was unnecessary. The British were outguessed and outmaneuvered, but not outfought. First-hand observers make it clear that the parachute troops were by no means responsible for the victory. Practically all the early parachutists were killed, and the latecomers would have met the same fate if the Nazis had not gained complete mastery of the air. It is evident that the British were not ready for an assault of such magnitude. The defending force of 30,000 would perhaps have been large enough if it had been adequately equipped with anti-aircraft guns and tanks and supported by planes. The excuse that Crete did not have sufficient landing facilities for aerial defense seems hardly convincing, especially in view of the fact that the Germans used fields which the British had described a few weeks earlier as inadequate. The loss of the island is not so serious in itself; what is serious is the indication that the British can still be caught unprepared.

*

THE BRITISH TRIUMPH IN IRAQ DOES MUCH to outweigh the setback in Crete. For Iraq not only has strategic significance as the farthest outpost of Nazi influence but is of great economic value because of its oil fields. Iraq may also become symbolic as the first major Nazi miscalculation. There seems hardly any doubt that Germany could have gained control of this rich prize if it had thrown the same energies into the preparation that went into the attack on Crete. But for once its aid was too little and too late. The Germans who were sent into Iraq may still be in a position to make trouble for the British, but they have clearly failed in their major purpose. The famed Nazi propaganda service seems to have fallen down even more completely than the General Staff. Although discontent with British rule is undoubtedly widespread in the Arab world, the much-advertised Arab revolt proved to be still-born. Despite Nazi propaganda, the British had no difficulty in stirring up substantial Iraqi opposition to the defeated Premier, Rashid Ali al-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gailani. Ironically enough, the British made effective use of Nazi tactics in their drive on Bagdad. The R. A. F. quickly took advantage of British aerial supremacy to bomb and destroy Iraqi airports and then turned their full power against the Iraqi troops. The British also made expert use of their mechanized forces to outmaneuver the natives and achieved their goal with surprisingly few losses. The victory should release a substantial number of well-equipped, expert desert fighters for the defense of the Suez Canal; it may prove to be a turning-point in the Nazi Middle Eastern campaign.

✶

THE DIVISION IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT which has prevented the development of an effective Far Eastern policy was never more in evidence than last week. After the President's address, which avoided mentioning Japan directly, the appeasers immediately began to circulate reports to the effect that a change in Japanese policy might be expected soon, provided we did not antagonize the responsible civilian elements which were gradually gaining the upper hand over the militarists. In the past such a plea has usually been timed to coincide with some conciliatory statement from Tokyo. But on this occasion the Japanese themselves were the first to repudiate it. Foreign Minister Matsuoka hastened to reaffirm the Tripartite Pact and to declare that the time may soon arrive when Japan will be forced to end its "peaceful policy" in the South Pacific. A few hours later the Japanese government delivered a "final note" to the government of the Netherland Indies demanding widespread economic concessions. This was accompanied by a resumption of anti-British and anti-American attacks in the Japanese press. Meanwhile, Chungking announced receipt of an additional $100,000,000 in supplies under the Lend-Lease Act, and Secretary Hull, speaking for the anti-appeasement wing of the State Department, formally assured Quo Tai-chi, the Chinese Foreign Minister, that the United States was prepared to relinquish its last remaining rights under the unequal treaties, including extra-territoriality, after the restoration of peace. Secretary Hull's statement was of historic importance, not only as an indication of a new basis of relationship between the United States and China, but as a setback to Japan, which has been claiming unilateral repudiation of extra-territoriality in the name of its puppet governments in Central China and Manchuria.

✶

IT NOW APPEARS THAT THE JAPANESE HAVE met with disastrous defeats in each of the recent spring offensives against the Chinese. The most important of these drives was that launched against Shansi Province, stronghold of the Eighth Route Army. As in many previous offensives in this region, the Japanese at first gained steadily, threatening to cross the Yellow River and occupy the important city of Sian. But the most recent reports tell of successful Chinese counter-attacks and an outflanking movement from the Chungtiao Mountains, which are still in the hands of the defenders. The Japanese are reported to have lost 40,000 men in the drive. In Central China, south of Shanghai, a Japanese offensive into Chekiang appears to have collapsed completely, with the Chinese regaining the railroad towns of Chuchi and Lintuchen. A Japanese advance northward from Canton appears to have been similarly checked. The Chinese have reoccupied Waichow, a strategic city on the East River, and the walled city of Poklow in southeastern Kwantung. North of Hankow the Chinese have captured Hwantanchen, which served as the base for a secondary Japanese drive in the Tahung Mountain section of Hupeh Province. Reports from Chungking indicate that despite recent heavy Japanese bombing attacks, the Chinese air force, strengthened by newly arrived British and American planes, may soon take the offensive against the Japanese. There is a possibility that newly trained Chinese aviators may be aided by American volunteers.

✶

GANO DUNN, WHO WAS ENGAGED BY OPM with the full approval of the steel industry as a practical engineer capable of gauging accurately the demand for steel during the defense period, has had to admit that the "theoretical" economists, whose estimates he was brought in to refute, were right after all. On March 1 Mr. Dunn reported that the existing expansion plans of the industry would enable it to satisfy all defense, export, and civilian needs this year and next. In 1942, he declared, there would be a "reliable capacity" of 91,100,000 tons to meet a total demand of 89,000,000. It now appears that this estimate did not allow for the passing of the Lease-Lend Act, for further expansion of the defense program, or, to a sufficient extent, for greater civilian consumption induced by growth of national income. So we have a new estimate of 97,000,000 tons, and since it is unlikely that the industry will expand sufficiently to achieve such an output, civilian consumption will have to be rationed. This will necessitate cutting production and employment in a number of civilian industries, which will in turn tend to reduce national income and hence the ability of consumers to buy steel. Thus Mr. Dunn and his supporters may eventually be able to claim a kind of Procrustean success in meeting the problem. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that six months ago the National Resources Planning Board advised a very large expansion in steel-making facilities in order to meet probable requirements for 1942. If a really imaginative construction program had been put in hand at that time we should by now be making some progress toward providing for next year's additional load. But with the industry working at around 100 per cent of capacity the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question raised by Mr. Dunn of how to furnish steel for new furnaces, rolling mills, and so on does indeed present a grave problem.

*

AN ALARMING SHORTAGE OF ELECTRIC power to supply defense industries is revealed by an announcement from Chairman Leland Olds of the Federal Power Commission, who has arranged to meet with officials of both public and privately owned utilities at six regional conferences in various sections of the country to discuss the problem. The same announcement indicates the extent to which the shortage may be alleviated by coordinated planning and pooling of power facilities in various regions. By bringing eighteen private and public power systems in the Southeastern states into one great pool and allocating power out of that pool, half of the shortage in the area has already been met. The Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas are all represented in the pool. These states are the scene of vast expansion in defense industries using electric power to make aluminum, ferro-alloys, steel, and basic chemicals. "With rainfall in the area at only 50 per cent of normal," Chairman Olds announced, "the flow of the rivers to date is less than any year of record. Without the extraordinary steps now under way, the deficiency of electricity to carry essential loads threatened to reach a total of one billion kilowatt hours before the end of the year." Planned pooling is making it possible to treat the public and private utilities of this entire region as one great unit, thus obtaining maximum utilization of generating and transmitting facilities. Power is not the only industry in which planning can provide a considerable increase in productivity.

*

THE DEMAND FOR A SHAKE-UP IN DEFENSE is growing, and since the publication of I. F. Stone's three articles on the need to get rid of "Knudsenism" the cry has been taken up in many other quarters, some of them conservative. Alsop and Kintner, Ernest K. Lindley, and Raymond Clapper have all touched upon the phony character of the "sacrifice" involved in the 20 per cent cut announced by the automobile industry and analyzed by Mr. Stone. The New York *Herald Tribune* of last Saturday declared editorially that the cut is inadequate and merely reduces production from present boom levels to those of last year. Knudsen is much less the sacred cow than he has been. "One disturbing thing at OPM," Raymond Clapper wrote recently, "is the complacent state of mind at the top. I don't like to throw brickbats, especially at such a grand old man as William S. Knudsen. Yet he and other top OPM executives laughed off reports from Federal Reserve Board economists some months ago saying that we would need a 20 per cent increase in steel capacity over the 80,000,000-ton capacity then estimated." Even General Johnson wrote the other day, "Mr. Knudsen is a production man. He should never have been pushed into any other job." We do not doubt Mr. Knudsen's outstanding ability as a production man. Our objection to him is based on his inability to make the decisions needed to speed defense and to force his old associates in the automotive industry to subordinate their business interests to the country's needs.

*

WE HAVE A HIGH REGARD FOR SOLICITOR General Francis Biddle, but we think he spoke with less than full consideration in his speech before the National Conference of Social Work in Atlantic City. Mr. Biddle is disturbed by liberal and labor opposition to the Hobbs "concentration-camp" bill and the Model State Anti-Sabotage bill. It makes him "wonder whether many liberals . . . are more concerned over minor curtailments of private liberties than over defeating fascism." The prime movers of these bills hardly seem concerned with "defeating fascism." We think the government justified in taking stern measures against sabotage and enemy aliens, but the Solicitor General made two admissions which do not help his argument. Of the Hobbs bill he says it is "in a sense revolutionary, because it permits detention without trial by jury." To permit detention without trial by jury is not "defeating fascism" but inviting it. The three branches of the labor movement are agreed that the Model Anti-Sabotage bill is so broadly worded as to permit it to be used as state anti-syndicalism laws have been used. "That the statute is too broad in that respect," Mr. Biddle says, "is certainly arguable." He then proceeds to beg the question by declaring that he cannot "conceive that any American would argue that sabotage should not be punished." Neither can we. But we want to be sure that it is sabotage which will be punished, not something else.

*

THE HAIR-LINE DISTINCTION DIVIDING THE majority of the Supreme Court from the minority of Justices Douglas, Black, and Murphy in the Louisiana Primary case is one of the finest—and most obscure—we have encountered. But it is at least clear that all seven members of the court participating in this decision agree that Congress has ample power under the Constitution to protect the right to vote in primaries as well as in general elections. This reverses the decision in the Newberry case, which held that primaries were under state jurisdiction only. The assertion of a Congressional right to regulate primaries picking candidates for federal offices has obvious implications for the one-party states of the South and might prove important in the future if Huey Longs should appear elsewhere than in Louisiana. The difference between the court's majority and minority is really a difference in relative weight given conflicting rights. The majority chooses to give full weight to statutory provi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sions protecting "any right or privilege" secured by the Constitution, and among these rights it includes that of voting in primary as well as general elections. The minority is disturbed because Louisiana election officials will be punished for an offense not explicitly spelled out in the criminal code, that is, the false counting and certification of ballots in a primary. Douglas and his colleagues of the minority feel that to create a crime by inference is a danger to civil liberties. We decline to grant certiorari; before this subtle quarrel editorial omniscience quails.

*

JAN VALTIN SEEMS TO BE HOIST WITH HIS own melodrama. His statement that "it is impossible for anyone to be released from a Nazi concentration camp unless he signs a pledge to serve the Gestapo," with its implication that political refugees are willing or unwilling agents of the Nazis is both reckless and ridiculous. And it comes with bad grace and worse judgment from a man who is himself a political refugee. As Dr. Frank Kingdon pointed out, the record of every refugee seeking admission to this country is sifted and resifted, and the integrity of every applicant must be vouched for by unimpeachable witnesses. The final decision rests with the State Department, and as Dr. Kingdon says, anyone who knows the "meticulousness of its inquiries in this field will know how unlikely it is that any type of fifth columnist could filter through." Considering the "meticulousness" with which the department has obstructed the admission of known anti-fascists, Dr. Kingdon's statement shows remarkable restraint. More than one informed witness of the French débâcle has demonstrated that political refugees, subjected as they are to constant scrutiny, are not much use to Hitler—quite aside from the fact that they are anti-fascists to begin with. Valtin has denied any intention of slandering political refugees, but unfortunately his denial will carry less weight with the professional refugee baiters than his original statement. Meanwhile the case of Dr. Kurt Rieth suggests that it would make more sense if we denied admission to any German who had *not* been in a concentration camp.

*

READING ABOUT THE UBIQUITOUS ACTIVITY of the FBI we are moved to pray that the sagacity of its direction may be equal to its undoubted energy. We cannot help feeling a little disturbed, as well as very much amused, when we learn from the Washington *News* that agents assigned to the investigation of government personnel regard a subscription to *The Nation* as suggestive of "un-Americanism." If J. Edgar Hoover is going to point the finger of suspicion at all *Nation* readers in Washington he will have to send his sleuths right into the inner government circles. He might start, in fact, by dogging the steps of his boss—Attorney General Robert Jackson.

Vichy Versus France

THE British government has evidently come to the conclusion that nothing further is to be gained by attempting to appease Vichy. All hopes that Marshal Pétain would prove willing and able to resist Nazi pressure have vanished, and the implications of the bet which he and his henchmen have placed on Nazi victory have at last been boldly faced. In Syria the air bases used by the Germans have been constantly attacked and Vichy's protests ignored. Italian ships have been chased into the Tunisian harbor of Sfax and there bombed in spite of claims that this is a violation of French neutrality. French ships are being picked up in the Atlantic and taken to British ports, and all navicerts for cargoes to French ports have been suspended.

Admiral Darlan, who no longer attempts to hide his inheritance of Laval's policies with Laval's office, has replied by uttering threats against Britain which will no doubt be translated into overt acts as soon as the moment seems propitious to him, or rather to his Nazi masters. But certain obstacles remain to be overcome. For one thing, Hitler appears to have promised Vichy that he will leave French colonial possessions intact, and this pledge unfortunately conflicts with prior undertakings to Italy, still intent on securing Tunisia as part of its war loot. In the long run this point is of small importance, for if Germany wins the war, Tunisia, whatever flag it is nominally under, will in effect be at Hitler's disposal. But any attempt now to satisfy Italian ambitions in this direction would involve a risk of independent action by Weygand's army and would also make nonsense of the Vichy propaganda that the only threat to the French Empire comes from Britain. As we write, Hitler and Mussolini are meeting at the Brenner, and no doubt this little difficulty will be smoothed out by giving Italy compensation elsewhere.

A much more serious obstacle to total collaboration between Germany and France is the attitude of the French people. In spite of months of strenuous propaganda in both occupied and unoccupied France, the mass of the population is far more anti-Nazi and pro-British than it was a year ago. Every kind of pressure has been placed on the French public in the hope of forcing it to acquiesce in, if not welcome, the policy of accepting a niche in the "New Order." But neither hunger nor the peculiarly cruel form of blackmail which employs the two million French prisoners in Germany as hostages has moved French opinion to abandon hope of a final democratic victory. And while that situation holds, Vichy will probably hesitate to proclaim open adherence to the Axis and open warfare against Britain. Darlan's present tactics, therefore, may well be to goad Britain into attacking one or more French colonies in the hope that he may then be able to swing public sentiment against British

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"imperialism." His latest statement repeated all the favorite themes of the Wilhelmstrasse. It was British aggression that brought on the war and the British desire to ruin Europe that prolonged the conflict. Britain had always deserted and cheated its allies, and the best hope of France was a speedy defeat of the perfidious island. But most Frenchmen have politically trained ears able to distinguish original music from a phonograph record, and this *Ersatz* appeal to patriotic passion is likely to meet a negligible response.

Britain should call Vichy's bluff and march into Syria before the Nazis establish themselves there in any strength. It is highly probable that the occupation would prove a bloodless operation, for there are many signs that the French army in Syria, if not completely disaffected, has little stomach for a fight against a former ally. We do not believe that many Frenchmen would resent such a movement. On the contrary, they would regard it as a sensible step toward thwarting Hitler and therefore entirely in the interests of the true France.

The Coming Labor Crisis

FOR the moment we are enjoying a brief respite from labor strife. With the settling of the coal strike, the averting of a strike in General Motors, and the C. I. O. victories in the Ford and Bethlehem elections, the country is left without any major labor dispute in the defense industries. The West Coast shipyard strike is the only disturbance worthy of note. The situation has reached a point where the radio commentators, who bear a large responsibility for the hysteria over the supposed labor crisis, are finding it difficult to play up their daily list of strikes. It would be a mistake, however, to regard this lull as an indication that trouble is past. The truth is that the real labor crisis has not yet developed. What we have had so far has been largely a fabricated crisis. Powerful interests have sought, for reasons best known to themselves, to give the impression that the defense program was being seriously retarded by strikes and labor disputes. Actually, as the President and several members of the Administration have pointed out, the strikes never got to the point where they seriously held up defense production. That they did not is due in large part to the remarkable success of the National Defense Mediation Board.

The primary reason for fearing that the coming months will see an aggravation of labor trouble is to be found in the rising cost of living. For the first year and a half of the European war living costs remained fairly stationary. But recent weeks have brought the beginning of what appears to be a definite inflationary upturn. Food prices increased 4.5 per cent in April. There is every evidence that this upward trend continued through May, and now that the President has signed the Fulmer bill a much more drastic increase—estimated at between 10 and 20 per cent—may be expected in the next few months. Despite the efforts of Price Coordinator Henderson, other prices are also on the way up. The cost of clothing has been rising steadily since early in 1941. Gasoline and fuel-oil prices have risen substantially. Rents have got out of hand in many defense centers, and are rising throughout the country. The pinch resulting from the increased cost of living has scarcely been felt so far, except in a few cities. But we may be sure that it will become much more painful during the summer and fall months.

This means that the gains which labor has won in a few key industries, at great sacrifice, during the last few months stand in grave danger of being wiped out by the increased cost of living. The situation is even more critical, of course, for those workers, constituting a vast majority, who have not received wage increases. Many of these workers will have no recourse except to strike or threaten to strike.

Even this might not be so serious if we had some assurance that unions and management would be allowed a free hand to work out agreements through normal collective-bargaining and mediation channels. But with a new wave of disputes there is almost certain to arise new demands that the government clamp down on labor. The public's ignorance on labor issues was never more convincingly demonstrated than in the recent *Fortune* poll. This poll showed that two persons out of three believed that the government should forbid strikes in defense industries over such matters as wages, hours, and union recognition. Reflecting the manufactured hysteria of the public on the question of defense strikes, the anti-labor bloc in the House is reported to be pressing for a vote on the Vinson compulsory-labor-mediation bill, which carries provisions for a "cooling-off" period before a strike can be called. Even worse proposals are before Congress and might be rushed through if the strike situation became more serious.

It is obvious that neither the general public nor the Congressmen who are confirmed in their opposition to labor are familiar with the history of attempts to apply compulsion to labor disputes in democratic countries. The record shows that such legislation either accentuates labor strife or is ignored as unenforceable. It is not an accident that the only countries that have succeeded in outlawing strikes and strait-jacketing labor are the totalitarian countries. For the right to strike and bargain collectively is the cornerstone of the democratic process as it affects most men's livelihood. Destroy this, even as an emergency measure, and democracy loses much of its reality in present-day life. The facts on which this statement is based must be made available to Congress and the anti-labor section of the general public. The time is short, but the job must be done if we are to avoid catastrophe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before the Battle

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE tumult and the shouting dies, and out of it emerges the clear meaning of the President's speech. Through days of confused interpretations it lay there, implicit rather than obvious, waiting to be accepted. Everybody understands it now.

The speech means that the President has assumed direct executive control of the nation's defense. He will do what he considers necessary to prevent an Axis attack on this hemisphere. He will act directly and to the full extent of his emergency powers without recourse to legislation except where Congressional action is plainly called for. He will not declare war; but he will use our navy to insure the delivery of war supplies to England and Great Britain's other fronts, and he will apply force if necessary to prevent the Axis from seizing control of ports or territories which could be used as bases of attack against the Western world. And these acts may precipitate the country into war at any time. Whether they will or not depends upon Hitler rather than the President. If Hitler decides that the Axis needs the Cape Verde Islands enough to fight the United States for them, or that the American patrol is actually protecting shipments to Britain, then the President's announced purposes will lead to war. I believe they will lead to war, little as Hiler wants to fight the United States, because under the emergency powers assumed by the President, things are going to happen in this country that will present formidable obstacles to Hitler's essential plans. Hitler and Mussolini discussed those obstacles at the Brenner Pass this week; they will not be taken lightly at either end of the Axis.

If any doubt remains about the President's intentions, it arises from his remark last Wednesday that he saw no need of repealing the Neutrality Law. How he plans to reassert the "ancient freedom of the seas" against the blockade of that law is hard to imagine. And it is equally hard to believe that he will use his emergency powers to crash through the obvious intent of the law, although this is what many critics believe he did when he opened the Red Sea to American shipping. Perhaps he looks toward some limited legislation, amending the law at specific points rather than abolishing it. This remains to be discovered in the weeks to come. The President has many excellent reasons for avoiding an unnecessary showdown with Congress—time is perhaps the chief of them—but the Neutrality Law is at this moment a meaningless ghost, and it will rise to haunt him in the months to come if it is not exorcised. I think this is one Congressional battle the President should not dodge.

The problem of Congress is not any easy one at best. No one who believes in swift action and, if necessary, in secret action can seriously oppose the President's assumption of emergency powers. And, indeed, no one has done so except a handful of isolationists and pacifists who profess to disbelieve in the menace of Hitler's crusade. But to ignore Congress as completely as Mr. Roosevelt ignored it in his speech is not good tactics either. A close relationship between the Congressional committees and the President, full consultation with leaders of both parties in both houses, and a request for legislative action on major policies are important not only to keep democratic procedures from growing rusty but to preserve unity where it is most essential in a democracy—between the Executive and the people's elected representatives. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that the President's great address was directed to an audience of Latin American diplomats rather than to the Congress of the United States.

Meanwhile the first effects of his new powers are beginning to be felt. The appointment of Secretary Ickes as oil coordinator is a welcome symptom. Mr. Ickes is a fighter, not an appeaser. He will work for a vigorous defense at all costs, including costs to the oil producers, if necessary. He may cut off the gasoline supplies of week-ending Easterners, but not, I am sure, without also cutting off the oil supplies of the creators of East Asia's co-prosperity sphere.

Another emergency move was the request of the War Department that Congress pass a bill authorizing the President to requisition any sort of property when he deems it necessary for national defense. I thought he already possessed this authority under the terms of the Conscription Act, but if any loophole in the law exists, it is well that it be plugged immediately.

A third emergency measure, equally important though enacted long before an unlimited emergency was declared, was the mandatory-priorities bill signed by the President last Monday. Under the new law, industry must produce first those things the government tells it to, completely subordinating civilian needs when this appears necessary. What this may mean in changing the tempo and direction of American industry is suggested in statements by Stacy May of the Office of Production Management, and Leland Olds of the Federal Power Commission. Both men pointed to the alarming unreadiness of utilities and manufacturing plants to meet the demands of a defense program geared to the speed and efficiency of the Nazi war machine.

Small indications, all of these. But they show clearly the direction of the wind and suggest its strength. The President is not going to supply an exegesis with his statements on public affairs. It is not his way; and if it were he would be forced by the cruel logic of Axis warfare to leave out the interpretations and specifications. His job is to announce national policy. Events, carefully examined, will in due course provide the necessary explanations.

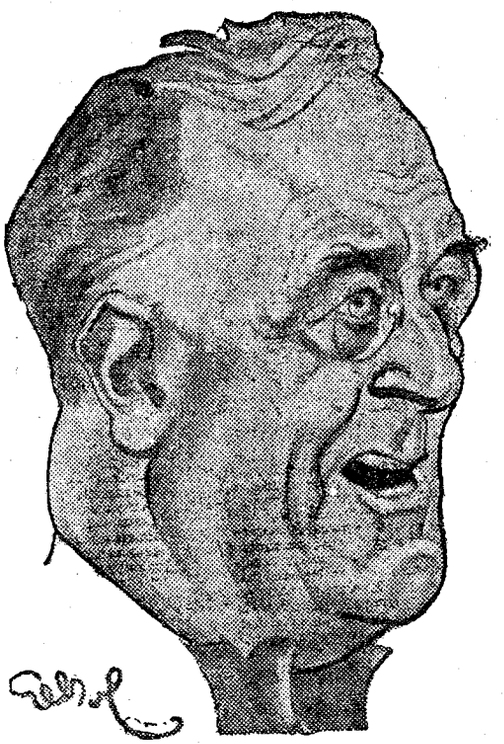
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tale of Two Oceans

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 1

OF THE many currents in the wake of the President's speech, the most important leads to action within the near future in the Atlantic and to a deal with Japan in the Pacific as the counterpart of such action. This combination of policies may be inconsistent —a Munich in the Pacific while we set out to undo the disastrous consequences of past Munichs in Europe—but it faithfully reflects the stupendous military event of our time. The Germans were but recently encircled in the heart of Europe; now by a bold series of military victories and political maneuvers they encircle us. The shores that face us across both the Atlantic and the Pacific are in hostile hands; and we are unprepared to fight a war on two fronts. The conclusion to which many of the leading figures in the Administration seem to have come is that, in a pinch, we had best let the Japanese move south into the East Indies and concentrate on protecting ourselves in the Atlantic. That spells greater naval intervention to prevent the defeat of the British and the occupation of Dakar and the Cape Verde Islands. We cannot protect these outposts in the North and South Atlantic and fight a full-sized war with Japan at the same time.



I have yet to encounter anyone in the Administration who thinks it possible to concentrate on the Pacific and let the British hold the Atlantic for us. The British have shown themselves as brave as their leadership has been blundering, but it is doubtful whether even people as stout-hearted as they are would be able to hold out if the hope of American aid in greater quantity and more active form were taken from them. I don't pretend to know why Winant has returned from Britain, but the indications are that a major diplomatic offensive is now being carried out by the Nazis in London and in Moscow. Their freedom from the ideological preconceptions that their own propaganda fosters in other people has left the Nazis in an amazingly good bargaining position. Some of the shrewdest observers here think Berlin is telling Moscow that Hess wasn't as crazy as was pretended, that he bore a peace offer which represented more than his own private delusion, that unless Stalin permits Nazi technicians to organize and manage Russian industry and transport, there will be a deal with England and the Germans will move east. These same observers think the reverse tactic is being used in London.

Hess may well be telling the British that the Nazis must obtain either the Empire or Ukrainian wheat and industry. If the British will make peace, the Nazis will take what they need in the Ukraine, and London will become a junior partner in Nazi world domination. If the British refuse, though their strength dwindles day by day, then the Nazis will have no recourse but to invade England, an attempt which might not succeed but would certainly cause a lot of damage. A peace with the British would fit Nazi plans beautifully, for the method has been to take over going concerns wherever possible. If the Nazis hold all they have gained, they will need many junior partners to help administer the New Order. They would like to use the British as overseers for the empire, and it would be worth many concessions to effect this, for with the British navy to aid him Hitler would at last be within shooting distance of world dominion. Now I can conceive of only one thing which would make any such agreement politically possible in Britain, and that would be the feeling that we were letting them down. Winant will take more than rhetoric back to Britain with him. In some well-informed quarters here it is believed that transports are in readiness, and that we are preparing to send not only naval units but troops, should they be necessary to help the British fight off an invasion.

The big split in Administration circles is over what to do about the Japanese when the shooting begins in the Atlantic. Most people seem agreed (1) that it would suit Hitler's purposes to tie us up in a Pacific war while he tries to invade England, and (2) that the danger we face in the Pacific is not an attack from Japan but Japan's conquest of the Indies. This would be serious from the standpoint of our ability to obtain certain basic war mate-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rials but not so serious as a British defeat. The Pacific is roughly four times as wide as the Atlantic. The 1600-mile space between the bulge of West Africa and the bulge of Brazil is much too narrow for comfort. One Administration group thinks we ought to try to make a deal with the Japanese; the other thinks it would be better to fight a kind of rearguard action by giving what aid we can to China and shutting off all raw materials to Japan. The State Department crowd, which has always tended to favor appeasement of Japan, is already feeding out the old poppycock to its favorite journalistic mouthpieces on how the business men are about to make a comeback in Japan, lay a restraining hand on the army, and so forth and so forth.

In other quarters it is argued that the Japanese have never been impressed by weakness, that they will try to take the Dutch East Indies as soon as we are sufficiently involved in the Atlantic, that any agreement will become worthless when that point is reached, and that to continue to supply them with raw materials until that time is idiotic and suicidal. For it must be understood that we cannot make an agreement with Japan and at the same time impose embargoes on exports to it and continue to help the Chinese. An agreement would mean a repetition in the Pacific of all the errors our State Department has made in the Atlantic—the scrap iron sent Mussolini up to his very entrance into the war, the triangular Argentine loan by which we fed Franco while his Falange spread Hitler poison against us in Latin America, our long wooing of Pétain, and the possibility that now we may send food to French North Africa. All the basic war materials of which we are now short have been going in huge quantities from this country to Japan during the past two years, and some of them are still being exported to it. It is one thing to abandon the Dutch East Indies. It is another to abandon good sense, and there are indications that Mr. Roosevelt is not yet ready to play pat-a-cake with the Mikado. One of them is the deliberate "leak" of news that the United States army is permitting combat fliers and mechanics to resign for volunteer service with the Chinese. Aid to China is now in the hands of those administering the Lend-Lease Act rather than in the hands of the State Department, and appeasement of Japan is far from being the accepted policy. But I think one can safely expect that the Administration will not let the country be drawn into war in the Pacific.

There was some disappointment here, which I shared, in the President's speech. Those of us who have decided the issue of war or peace in our own minds and moved on to the question of adequate preparedness for a struggle we believe unavoidable felt that Mr. Roosevelt passed over the most important battle—the battle of production. In this the real problem is taking an economy geared to monopoly and relative scarcity and gearing it to maximum production for defense. It is clear by now that this cannot be done so long as the defense program is in the hands of men whose training, habits, and interests have conditioned them to keeping the supply of goods comfortably and profitably behind the need for them. But rereading the speech today and going over the press comment, I am no longer so sure of my own reactions to it. The task of leadership in a democracy is to find the common denominator, especially in so grave a decision as that of war. Mr. Roosevelt's address did clarify the issue and make clear our intention to prevent the Nazis from gaining a foothold at either the North or the South Atlantic entrance to the New World. His press conference the next day, with its curious disavowal of convoys and denial of any intent to ask repeal of the Neutrality Act, exasperated a lot of us. But this is the way in which Franklin D. Roosevelt is accustomed to move, two steps forward, one backward, taking leadership here, avoiding a frontal attack there.

On the home front Mr. Roosevelt makes progress in the same crablike fashion. The declaration of an unlimited emergency does not of itself set in motion the emergency methods required to end the lag in defense production. The first two executive orders in sight are not promising. The chief effect of making Ickes "czar" of the oil industry is to save the major oil companies from pending action against them under the Sherman Act and the Elkins Act. The ballyhoo about oil shortages due to lack of tanker facilities must be liberally discounted as an excuse for price rises. A shortage of tankers does not explain the rise on the Pacific Coast, which refines its own crude, or in the Middle West, which is amply supplied by pipe line. I have a high regard for Secretary Ickes, and it may be that the oil companies, suspiciously undisturbed by this new move, will get more than they bargained for, but my fingers are crossed. The other executive order will establish a Transportation Division of the OPM, and apparently this will be headed by Ralph Budd. Budd showed as much lack of foresight regarding a railroad-car shortage as Stettinius did in respect of steel and aluminum. His prospective appointment and the fact that the President is still relying on Gano Dunn for steel estimates do not make it appear that our defense machinery is being operated on the basis of an unlimited emergency.

The whole picture, however, is not so dark as it might be. There is a growing awareness of the dangers of business as usual. One of its reflections is the effort of the big-business crowd around Knudsen, Stettinius, and Biggers to place blame on the army and navy. Both branches of the service have their quota of brass hats and stuffed shirts, but neither has been quite as shortsighted as the dollar-a-year men. The latter scraped bottom in the interview given by Biggers, who is director of the production division, to the New York *Times* last week. The one sug-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gestion Biggers advances to force subcontracting is to make the backlogs of the big companies heavier, in the hope that if they are made heavy enough the companies will not object to sharing the orders with smaller manufacturers. One of our biggest shipbuilding companies is booked five years ahead. One of our bomber-manufacturing companies has a backlog of $205,000,000, compared with output for the first third of 1941 of $9,000,000.

These backlogs are not unusual. To pile more orders on them might lead the big companies to share with the small from sheer surfeit. But I distrust wishful thinking in the field of hog psychology.

Are Empires All Alike?

BY LEWIS COREY

THE cry will not down that Nazi Germany, in its plans for a "New Order" in Europe and the world, is simply doing what the British did years ago—forging an imperialism of its own. That is another of the misunderstandings which, from the beginning, have given strength to fascism. New forces that alter the shape of things make the imperialist comparison altogether misleading. For the war is not shaped by capitalist imperialism. It is shaped by forces of economic, political, and moral change that go beyond capitalism and imperialism to a changed world. While the old capitalist imperialism in disintegrating, fascism is reintegrating imperialism on a new basis that gives it fresh strength and scope.

The old imperialism, though in opposition to democracy, operated within the democratic relations of capitalism; it could never wholly escape those relations to become an absolute tyranny. Imperialism used the state to further its aims, but the state was responsive to democratic pressures. Denunciation of imperialist abuses was allowed; changes and reforms were made, if slowly. Democratic rights exist in the British Empire, the dominions are self-governing, Ireland finally got its independence, the freedom of India grows despite Tory repression. Democratic forces among subject peoples obtained the support of democratic forces in the imperialist nations, and they carried on a joint struggle against imperialism. Democratic progress was limited, but it was not strangled.

The old imperialism, moreover, operated within the economic relations of capitalism, out of which it grew. Capitalism encouraged an economic freedom that imperialism could not altogether crush. Some measure of free enterprise and competition persisted in the world market, if only because of rivalries among imperialist nations and disagreements within cartels. This competitive imperialism prepared its own disintegration by bringing substantial industrial progress to the lands under its control. Dominated by the idea that capital should be exported anywhere and for any purpose if it would bring high profits, the old imperialism helped to build up local manufacturing enterprises in those very countries which according to imperialist theory were to produce foodstuffs and raw materials for export and to import manufactured goods. If the profits were great enough foreign capital was even invested in local manufactures which were in competition with the mother country's exports. As industry grew in the subject nations, local capital accumulated and was also invested in new manufacturing plants. This development is illustrated by the textile industry of India, which drove out of its markets —with the aid of imports from Japan—the British textiles that had formerly had a virtual monopoly. The same thing happened, to a greater or less extent, in all economically backward countries dominated by capitalist imperialism, whether they were colonial or independent. Latin America has been a playground of all the imperialisms, but it has moved, especially in the past ten years, through greater industrialization, to economic independence and the breaking of imperialist controls.

Fascism implements a new imperialism that would impose unlimited totalitarian tyranny upon the lands that are slowly breaking imperialist controls. Fascist imperialism—including Japanese imperialism, which is totalitarian if not altogether fascist—revives the bloody colonialism of an earlier capitalism—a colonialism that the Nazis clamp down on non-German Europe too. It destroys that increasing social morality which, limited as its application may be, is still part of the capitalist contribution to progress.

Britain's "balance of power" policy, however bad in other respects, allowed national independence and democracy to grow in Europe. Britain has neither the industrial and military resources nor the will to enslave Europe as the Nazis propose to enslave it, by destroying its industry and getting a monopoly of industrial power. The old-style imperialism of Britain lacks the means at fascism's disposal—the disregard of profits in favor of bureaucratic-military power, the corporate state that breaks down national capitalist barriers, the totalitarian ideology that recruits allies in the nations that must be dominated, the will to destroy all democracy and free-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dom. Nor would the democratic and labor forces in Britain permit their government to enslave Europe. Even if Britain went fascist, it would still lack the industrial and military resources for the job, and, in addition, it would no longer get support from the dominions and the United States.

The Nazis stay in a conquered country to uproot its industrial power and its democracy, labor unionism, and social progress. They stay to make the country a colonial vassal of Germany. The Nazis have allies within the nations they dominate—native fascists—who were not available to the old imperialists. In 1914-18 no elements in Britain, France, or the United States wanted Germany to win because they liked its imperialism; today there are elements that want a German victory in order to strengthen reaction and fascism at home. Where the old imperialist interests clashed, the new fascist interests coincide. A fascist peace will not be the old imperialist peace to promote the profits and power of monopoly capitalism. It will be a peace to promote the totalitarian power of a corporate state that transforms the old capitalism and imperialism to serve a new, more terrible system of privilege and exploitation.

The old imperialism disintegrates not only because it is caught within a progressive democracy but also because it cannot solve its economic problems. Those problems became acute in the crisis of the 1920's and 1930's, when lower profits, greater taxation, and more state controls over economic activity clipped the power of the finance capital that dominated the old imperialism. Imperialism cannot block the drive of colonial peoples toward economic balance and independence; it could do so only by using an overwhelming violence that democratic nations will not permit. The restrictive economic practices of imperialism meet progressive opposition in the mother country as well as in the colonies, and arouse action toward a consumption economy of abundance. Imperialism, finally, like the capitalism out of which it grows, is unable to make enough profits in a world where profits move downward as potential economic abundance moves upward. And since capitalist imperialism is primarily the pursuit of greater profits, the inability to make profits on the old scale is a serious disintegrating force. It leads to a breakdown of imperialism through which democracy may surge to power.

The problems of the old imperialism do not exist for the new imperialism of fascism. Not the competitive export of capital for financial profits, which promotes a measure of independent industrial power among subject peoples, but bureaucratic-military direction and controls shape the new imperialism. No competitive economic elements, no free capitalist enterprise, no democratic forces can be active under fascism. Allowed no manufactures of their own, colonial peoples can make no drive toward economic and political independence. Progressive forces that want to move from imperialist scarcity to an economy of abundance are strangled, and the productive resources of subject peoples are ruthlessly limited. The downward movement of profits creates no problem, since fascist imperialism is not interested in the profits of a defunct finance capitalism but in the privileges and power of the masters of a totalitarian state. Nor can cyclical crises arise to disintegrate the new imperialism, for in a fascist economy administrative controls suspend the business cycle. Fascism "solves" all problems by the use of inescapable force. If let alone to disintegrate, the old capitalist imperialism must give way to greater democracy and freedom and to economic plenty. If a fascist imperialism is substituted for it, subjection and scarcity will engulf the world.

The new imperialism is final proof that there are no constructive elements in fascism. It is madness to accept the easy-going idea that fascists are "bad boys who will grow up and settle down," for being "bad boys" is their natural condition and ideal. If the Nazis wanted to use, or could use, their transformation of capitalism and their economic controls for prosperity and welfare, they would not throw Europe into a war that consumes its wealth. They would not plan a "New Europe" in which non-German peoples are to be deprived of industrial power and forced to become colonial producers of foodstuffs and raw materials for a master Germany that has the monopoly of industrial power. That plan deliberately limits Europe's capacity to produce and consume, while prosperity and welfare call for the fullest development of the productive forces in all countries. Fascism is a throwback to Caesarian domination and plunder. Fascism is destructive, not constructive; its bureaucratic-military organization, economic controls, and ideals are all identified with a war economy.

Not only is fascism unable to solve economic problems in a rational, enlightened manner; it came to power by mobilizing reactionary forces that do not want such a solution. Fascism transforms the progressive struggle for social betterment within nations into a struggle of "poor" nations against "rich" nations. The people are made to believe that their welfare depends upon aggression, that it can come only from the spoils of the new imperialism. They could not be driven to war if their welfare were promoted by internal progressive action. So the Nazis exterminate "inferior" races and give their farms to "master" German peasants and promise the workers that they will become a "master proletariat" prospering on the slave labor of the workers in conquered countries.

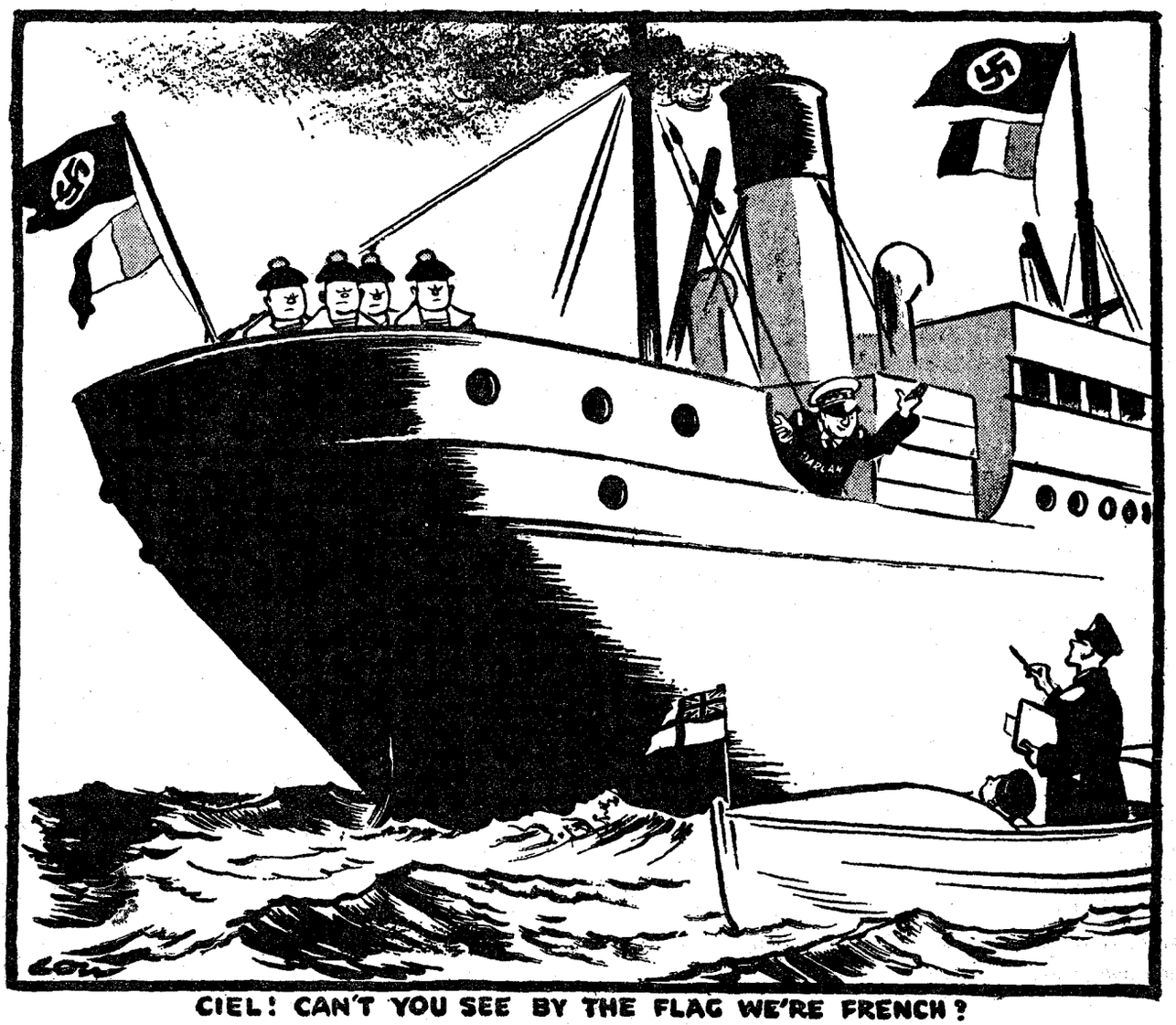
The cry of "poor nation" used by Nazi Germany is a fraud. An American appeaser-for-profit has said that "Germany is fighting to keep from being starved to death." Yet every nation that the Nazis have conquered,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

including France, was poorer than Germany. If Germans were starving in 1930-32, before Hitler came to power, so were people in other countries and for the same reason —capitalist inability to solve the economic crisis. Germany had the most magnificent industrial plant in the world after the United States. It is richer in natural resources than any other European nation except Russia, and it was overcoming deficiencies through the production of synthetics. For seven years Hitler got all the raw materials he needed to produce armaments. The materials and production might have been used to produce goods for human welfare—to make Germany the envy of the world instead of its nightmare. If Germany had to pay high prices for imported raw materials, so did other nations; prices were rigged by international cartels with which Germany itself was identified. Germany still levies tribute upon American industry, upon American defense, by means of patent rights and agreements with American monopoly corporations to divide markets and raise prices. All nations had to struggle for foreign markets when the economic crisis limited consumer purchasing power. To prevent the exploitation that comes from inequality in natural resources and productive capacity, monopoly imperialist controls must be replaced by economic cooperation, but the Nazis propose to make the inequality and exploitation worse in their "New Europe" by giving Germany a monopoly of raw materials and industrial production of which the old imperialism never dreamed.

Italy can make a much better case than Germany for the claim that it is a poor nation. But Mussolini wastes his people's meager substance with wars for African colonies that cannot overcome Italy's deficiencies. That can be accomplished only by scientific agriculture, the production of synthetic materials, and the cooperation of other nations. The fascists drive the country into a blind alley, for Italy has neither the industrial nor the military power to carry on the new imperialism; its economic inferiority will become permanent as it sinks to the status of a vassal nation in the Nazis' New Europe.

Some complacent people, not all of them Communists, say: Hitler is doing a needed job of wrecking the old capitalist order in Europe; this will clear the way for progress as Napoleon's wrecking of the feudal order cleared it. The historical analogy is a false one. Napoleon was, by and large, the carrier of liberating democratic ideas; the impulse behind the wars he waged was the



CIEL! CAN'T YOU SEE BY THE FLAG WE'RE FRENCH?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

answer of revolutionary democratic France to the reactionary monarchical challenge. Hitler is the carrier of an enslaving totalitarianism, and his wars are a challenge to democracy. Napoleon wrecked feudal power and dynastic privileges and set in motion the forces of national democratic progress; Hitler wrecks free institutions and sets in motion forces that kill progress through an all-inclusive economic, political, and moral despotism. As the Nazis wreck the old order they build the totalitarian new order in which democracy and freedom become a memory that the masters despise and the people no longer understand. The war's destruction of capitalism will make for progress only if a decisive defeat of fascism gives democracy the chance for progressive reconstruction.

Convoy Out of London

BY M. B.

I JOINED my ship, a freighter of 7,000 tons, in London, ten months ago. To me the war had meant a stream of haggard men filtering through the harbor gates at Dover, my father, with his hoarse, tired voice, discussing Colonel Ruthenburg's plan to raise a Jewish army, and the ever-present threat of invasion. This was just another trip, though when I went on board I was pleased with the accommodations, two in a cabin, liked the crowd and the crabbed old bo'sun, and felt some excitement at the prospect of a first visit to New York. Ashore we had commented on the casual civilian life in the East End—not a uniform to be seen, as though there wasn't a war on. I did not think it would be nine weeks before we saw New York.

We sailed with forty ships from Southend on July 2, 1940, threading our way in single file through the graveyard of mined and stranded hulks in the Thames Estuary. Then we were in the Straits of Dover. I was working on the boat deck with Joe, my roommate. Joe was eighteen. On his arm was tattooed a blue lyre, and above it was "Mother" in fiery red with a blue border. Once an angry Irish boy had bashed Joe to unconsciousness for fifteen days with the metal tip of a cricket stump. This left him slow of speech, lethargic, and defiant. He had walked from Newcastle to London rather than sail on a ship that was full of bald-headed old "twats." That was Joe.

We saw three black specks outlined against a cloud over the French coast, but we were busy. Then there were loud, reverberating explosions far ahead of us. We jumped. They were the first bombs we had ever heard. Then a plane swooped down astern of us and dropped a couple on either side of a tanker, sending up great jets of water. We roared with laughter, thinking of the fellows being jolted. Then the shore batteries opened up. Well, most people know what that's like. One plane hurtled into the inner harbor. We cheered a lot at that. We laughed a lot then, but not the next day.

On Wednesday, near the Channel Islands, seven German dive-bombers came over and sank two of our ships. Two hours later they started to come again out of a black cloud. I was on the poop standing by the gun. They were Stukas. First three planes came out of that cloud, then four, then five, then seven. After that I stopped counting, because the sky was black with them. The official estimate was that fifty bombers attacked the convoy that day. Since our ship possessed no machine-gun, we had to fire our four-inch anti-submarine gun, perhaps the most ponderous weapon yet aimed at a plane.

We had had only one gun drill. I was loader. We got it loaded bloody quick, by intuition or something, pulling out pins and caps, and ramming the charge home. We blazed away at a formation of four planes. Seven times in all we let them have it. I was nearly blown off my feet by the noise, particularly when I drifted a yard behind the breach, which recoiled fourteen inches.

Four German aviators, attracted or insulted by our unwieldy attempts at retaliation, hovered over us. As our gun couldn't elevate more than 45 degrees, we were helpless. Our gunner, who seemed disgustingly in his element, shouted to us to take cover. We jammed in the scuttle down the booby hatch to our quarters, but managed to slither down to what scant security that offered us. With a terrific roar the Stukas dived and sprinkled twenty "eggs" around the ship in clusters of five. I felt as if I were inside a volcano that was erupting. Most of the movable things in the ship were tossed about and broken. The monkey island, the concrete slab on top of the bridge, was tilted by the explosion. However, our gunnery had done its work, the squadron had been split up, and the bombs fell wide.

Four more planes poised over us and hurtled down. I was lying in one of the cabins. My lungs were bursting with the impotence of my despair. I turned my head and saw a hand white and soft as a baby's (Joe always wore gloves when he was working). It was clutching the foot of a bench. There was the blue lyre, and "Mother" in fiery red. I turned and looked at Joe's face, dead white and agonized with fear of dying. Then we were smothered by two great roars that seemed to be inside us as well as outside. It seemed as if I was lifted in the air and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fluttered about like an autumn leaf. Five bombs had fallen about fifteen feet outside the cabin.

We rushed outside. The bridge on the boat deck must surely have been hit. I thought of young Bruce at the wheel, ruddy-cheeked and kittenish, and Jack Gray, quiet and mellow, his brother a vicar. Somebody shouted, "It's O.K., take cover." Back again, as two planes dived to machine-gun us, thinking we were sinking. As a matter of fact we were, but didn't know it.

When the planes dived to bomb us, they started at about 2,000 feet. At from 200 to 300 miles an hour they roared down at us, and somehow pulled out of their dive a few feet above the funnel, to glide over us and drop their bombs. When they machine-gunned us, one plane dived level with the lifeboats and riddled them; while the other dived still lower and sprinkled the alley way. The gunner was standing on the steps in the scuttle looking out on the poop. As the plane dived past him, he looked full at the pilot and ducked. The bullet practically parted his hair. It pierced the steel plate of the booby-hatch, four-fifths of an inch thick, and imbedded itself in the plate on the other side, meanwhile retaining its point—so much for *Ersatz* bullets. The dungarees of Edgar, a Latvian who was sailing on British ships for adventure, were shot through the legs. He was delighted, for they were hanging on the line; they will be a spendid souvenir.

Then our fighters arrived and eleven Jerries were shot down. This we felt was some consolation for the ships we could see sinking or in flames. We lost no planes that day.

We emerged from the ordeal to find our engines broken down. We were drifting in the Channel. A bomb from the second load had struck the tilted monkey island on the bridge, glanced off, and exploded over the side by the galley, straining the plates apart. The water was seeping in. The bridge had nearly been brought down by the explosion. The foundations were smashed. The navigation compass had jumped out of the gimbal and been smashed on the monkey island. The dynamos had failed. The galley was a shambles. But no one was hurt.

Meanwhile the water was seeping in through the plates. The carpenter reported two feet six inches in No. 3 hold. The chief engineer had all hands racing down through the engine room with buckets of cement. Wading in oil and water, they managed to stuff the hole with the cement. It hardened. The ship was saved and so were we. The chief was decorated, and months later his wife and kids came to live with him on the ship in port.

This is anticipating, for we were still wallowing motionless in a swell. But soon the resourceful engineers patched up the engines, and we limped into Portland Harbor. But there was no lull to recuperate in. Twenty-three times in ten days gross intruders raided our haven. First they came in trickles, one, two, or three planes dropping their bombs before the sirens sounded. Later they came in waves. When they came in huge numbers, the sirens sounded in good time, and it was better.

It heartened us that our fighter planes, fewer in number, were flown by pilots whose skill and daring were more thrilling than anything we had ever seen. In superior planes, they out-maneuvered and out-flew three times as many of the enemy, so that the Germans seemed the helpless victims of a skill and courage they could not match. Twenty German planes I counted crashing to only one of ours, and that brought down by the fire of one of our own ships.

On board, the strain was beginning to tell. Williamson, with his long, melancholy, penitentiary face, cracked grim jokes from Job and lamented with Solomon, gems of literature gleaned from long spells of enforced confinement. Then there was Paddy, excitable and irrepressible, yelling, "Whisht, whisht, here they come, be Jasus," and pointing at two seagulls skimming away in the middle distance. Jesters demonstrating their brazen nerves were discouraged as intolerable. Paddy was hotly attacked for mocking at Joe, who clutched him during a raid, calling out, "Mother, mother." After one heavy raid a stocky, carroty, subnormal fireman staggered from the engine-room to the deck. His shaking hands failed to put the match to his cigarette. He walked round and round the deck muttering. His eyes were pleading for just one night ashore. The old cook was found huddled in a recess in the alley way four hours after an all-clear. Those two left the ship. Joe stayed and got better.

After four days the shore gang patched us up sufficiently to make the trip to Southampton. On a quiet moonlit night, with the Channel swarming with E-boats (German motor torpedo boats), we made a dash for the port. All night we stood tense and alert at action stations. The turn of the propellor sounded like the distant hum of a motor boat. We were off the Needles at crack of dawn and then compelled to wait for two hours, a lone target, until the port was open.

Southampton was a lull. We danced and skated. The bo'sun was rude to Joe, who took the next train home and hasn't been heard from since.

One gusty night, to our great surprise, we emerged from the Channel. We picked up a convoy at a Welsh port, where we saw a great blaze started by incendiaries in an oil reservoir. The Atlantic was tame after that. But the Manhattan sky line looked good to us.

On the next trip out, we really thought we were in for it. We were commodore ship of the convoy, replete with archaic admiral and naval staff. Off the coast of Ireland a long-distance bomber dropped a few duds on a Danish freighter in our convoy. And the pilot radioed our position to every U-boat in the North Atlantic. The old admiral barked a few orders, signal flags were hoisted,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and abruptly the convoy dispersed. Our ship held its course. However, we doubled our speed. The U-boats converged. We were ahead of them, but they sank six ships in our tracks.

Now I am out in the Atlantic in another ship. We are clear of the worst and pushing on south. Mostly one's shipmates are important, because one lives with them through all this sort of thing, and doesn't forget. For seven months I was on the other ship, and I often think of my shipmates and wonder how they are. May Bruce find sanctuary in the arms of the girl who was like Hedy Lamarr; may Vic marry the Bishop's daughter, and may he find the canary-colored waistcoat I left in Brooklyn, which he coveted.

Of Coca, Cola, and the Courts

BY JEROME H. SPINGARN

FOR every man, woman, and child in the entire world three drinks of Coca-Cola are produced each year. Like "Gone with the Wind," it has spread from Atlanta to every corner of the world. Indeed, in the sacred gardens of the Taj Mahal the startled eye of the tourist is struck by the familiar red Coca-Cola signboard nailed across an incongruous little refreshment stand; and no banner is more universally displayed in Latin America than that bearing the device *Delicioso y Refrescante.* From such outposts of empire, as well as from domestic markets, the Coca-Cola Company derives a gross revenue of $87,000,000 a year, of which $26,550,016 represents net profit.

It is hard to guess what the far-flung millions of Coca-Cola drinkers seek at their fountains each day—Nepenthe, stimulation, conviviality, the taste of sweet, of bitter, the tinkle of ice, or change of a dollar? Coca-Cola has been a patent medicine at least as long as it has been a soft drink. It was concocted by Dr. Pemberton, an Atlanta druggist, and its first label read: "Intellectual beverage and temperance drink, contains the valuable tonic and nerve-stimulant properties of the coca plant and cola (or Kola) nuts and makes not only a delicious, exhilarating, refreshing, and invigorating beverage (dispensed from the soda-water fountains or in other carbonated beverages) but a valuable brain tonic and a cure for all nervous affections—sick headache, neuralgia, hysteria, melancholy, etc." Since the passage of the Food and Drug Act the cocaine has been squeezed out of the coca leaves before use, and the most active drug in the beverage is now caffeine, which is present in about the same strength as in a cup of coffee. Indeed, more people will object to the high sugar content in cola drinks—about four level teaspoons to the glass in Coca-Cola, four and one-half in Royal Crown Cola, and five in Pepsi-Cola—than to any drug.

The nebulous chemical lore which surrounds it gives "coke" one of its chief attractions. High-school students are particularly fond of it because it is their first adult dissipation. In many parts of the country it is their universal "date" drink, partly because it is considered good form for a girl to order the cheapest item on the menu. They mix it with bizarre ingredients to give it taste or "potency"—milk, lemonade, vanilla, aspirin, ice cream, or spirits of ammonia—and call their concoctions by strange and wonderful names.

Covetous eyes have been turned toward Coca-Cola for decades, and lately strong competition has begun to challenge its supremacy. Strangely enough, the market is not the chief arena of this conflict; a far more dramatic battleground has been found in the law courts. One hundred and forty-three beverages registered in the United States Patent Office use "cola" as a suffix. There are, for example, Sola-Cola, Takeola, My Cola, Chero-Cola, Celery Cola, Herbs Cola, Nervicola, Mitch-Cola, Malti-Cola, Star Cola, K-O Nut Cola, Lime Cola, Red Rock Cola, Macy's Kola, and Yukon Kola. There are also a few cola beverages which refrain from using a variation on that name, like Dr. Pepper's and Spur.

For almost thirty years the Coca-Cola Company has filed a lawsuit a week to protect its trademark, nickname, and color against infringement. Most of these have been against small, tea-kettle producers who, influenced by conscience or by financial inability to carry on expensive litigation, have either signed consent decrees or allowed the case to go by default. As a result the Coca-Cola Company can point to an imposing array of decisions upholding its exclusive rights against unfair competition. The most impressive one is the decision of the late Justice Holmes in *Coca-Cola Company* v. *Koke Company,* which held that the name Koke was an infringement of Coca-Cola's nickname and described the plaintiff's beverage as "a single thing coming from a single source and well known to the community." The Coca-Cola people had that decision, together with 700 pages of other decisions and injunctions against competitors, bound into a forbidding buckram lawbook and distributed widely among lawyers and law libraries, *in terrorem.*

But the old fear seems to be ebbing. Nehi, Inc., of Columbus, Georgia, is one of Coca-Cola's bolder com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

petitors. The predecessor of this company did well with Chero-Cola for about twenty years, until 1921, when the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia denied registration to its mark because Coca-Cola claimed that it would cause confusion. ("Ordinarily," said the court, "the prospective purchaser does not carry more than a faint impression of the mark he is looking for. If the article offered to him bears a mark having any resemblance to the one he is thinking of, he is likely to accept it.") Instead of making slight revisions in their trademark and again attempting registration, the manufacturers entered into a contract with Coca-Cola by which they agreed to drop Chero-Cola entirely. They then began to make fruit flavors and Nehi, a cola. But about seven years ago they threw caution to the winds and added Royal Crown Cola to their line. A trial has just been held in Wilmington, Delaware, to determine whether this use of the word "cola" is a breach of contract and a trademark infringement.

The growth of Pepsi-Cola is a story of swashbuckling adventure in high finance and Delaware Chancery. Charles G. Guth, president of Loft, Inc., a New York chain of candy stores, decided that his fountains ought to get a jobber's discount, which Coca-Cola refused. So through a dummy Mr. Guth bought the forty-year-old name and formula of Pepsi-Cola for $12,000 at a bankruptcy sale. Mr. Ritchie, a Loft chemist, changed the formula slightly to make it bear a "competitive resemblance" to Coca-Cola, and thereafter patrons who ordered Coca-Cola or "coke" at Loft's were informed: "We do not sell Coca-Cola, sir. We sell Pepsi-Cola." Or at least they should have been so informed—the Coca-Cola Company claimed that the substitutions were being made without notice and brought suit. Loft filed countersuits alleging interference and libel.

All this was merely a prologue to livelier battles to follow. In 1935 Guth pulled out of Loft's after losing a battle for proxies, and took his beverage with him. His action did not seem quite cricket to Loft's. They felt that the drink really belonged to them, and they brought suit, charging that Guth, in acquiring Pepsi-Cola and building it up, was acting for the Loft organization and using its personnel, mechanical facilities, funds, and prestige. This lawsuit dragged on until April, 1939, when the Delaware Supreme Court affirmed a Chancery decree awarding to Loft approximately 91 per cent of the outstanding stock of the Pepsi-Cola Company. As a result, Loft stock jumped from 4 to 17. The irrepressible Guth is now promoting "Guth Cola."

Now opulent, Pepsi has begun to take the offensive in the battle of the colas. It has fought and overcome opposition to registration of its trademark in Canada and other British possessions. In Queens County, New York, it has filed a suit against the Coca-Cola Company to restrain it from further litigation, charging that the defendant is attempting to exhaust the resources of competitors by "nuisance" lawsuits and has built up a monopoly by litigation. Coca-Cola has interposed a general denial and charged a deliberate and fraudulent attempt to appropriate its good-will, with imitation of its trademark and script lettering, and efforts to induce dealers to market Pepsi-Cola "as and for Coca-Cola."

More important than the issues of fraudulent substitution and dishonest business practices, however, is the question whether competing manufacturers may indicate that their formula and flavor are substantially similar to Coca-Cola's by imitating its color and calling their beverage a "cola." To that question Coca-Cola answers a firm "no." Cola, it contends, has no meaning in the beverage field except as part of its registered trademark. It is a purely arbitrary or fanciful designation of a drink. It is descriptive only of a nut which was unknown to the general public at the time the mark was adopted and which forms a very minor, unimportant constituent of the drink. The competitors rejoin: Regardless of what cola meant fifty years ago, to the American public it now applies not only to a nut but also to the characteristic flavor of a drink. You cannot, they say, preempt an English word which describes a whole class of drinks. Coca-Cola could reply: If it carries that meaning, and we deny that it does, it is only because of our efforts and because it is part of our trademark.

The issue is thus clearly drawn, and until a court of ultimate authority passes on the question, the manufacturers of "cola" beverages will always wonder whether they are going to be haled before a court some day and ordered to desist from further use of the word and to account for the profits they have gained as a result of their infringement. That fearsome possibility seems more and more remote, however, as a result of two recent court decisions, one handed down by the Canadian Supreme Court and one by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit, in *Dixi-Cola* v. *Coca-Cola.* Both courts declared the word cola to be a generic and descriptive term which, as part of the common tongue, was open to anyone who wished to use it as part of a trademark to indicate a type of beverage.

The conduct of the Dixi-Cola case was an indication of the aggressiveness of the new, well-financed competition Coca-Cola is encountering. Coca-Cola first sued some small syrup boilers, charging fraud and deceit "in that defendants sold their syrup with the understanding that the drink made therefrom should be sold as and for Coca-Cola." It was a typical weekly lawsuit, but the lower court, in granting an injunction against these particular practices, also enjoined the defendants—Dixi-Cola, Marbert Cola, Apola Cola, and Lola Cola—from using the word "cola" as part of their trademarks. This decree, the first of this type in recent years, had obvious implications for other manufacturers. At once the giants

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Pepsi-Cola, Life Savers, which is being sued by Coca-Cola because of its new cola-flavor candy, and Royal Crown—sprang into brotherly action. They asked leave to appear at the argument of the appeal as "friends of the court" and argued not only that the word "cola" was free for all comers but also that the registration of Coca-Cola was invalid. By this clever strategy they selected a battlefield where they themselves were not in danger. The court enjoined the practice of deceiving soda-fountain patrons by secret substitution. But it stated most emphatically that today the phrase "cola drink" indicated to the general public "beverages which in taste and appearance resemble Coca-Cola" rather than Coca-Cola alone.

The fact that general use of the word is now allowed does not, of course, mean that names may bear a confusing resemblance to established marks. The court ruled that the process by which cola became a generic name for a class of beverages "was hastened by the fact that the combination of extract of coca leaf and cola nut employed by Pemberton was new and gave to the product a new and distinctive flavor for which there was no other name than that employed." The decision quoted a very interesting rule from the "Restatement of the Law of Torts":

> When one has a monopoly of the original distribution of a specific article over a period of time, and especially if the descriptive name for the article is one difficult to pronounce or remember, there is a likelihood that the designation which he adopts as his trademark for the article will be incorporated into the language as the usual generic designation for an article of that type. When that happens, the designation becomes merely descriptive of the goods and no longer identifies a particular brand or performs any of the functions of a trademark or trade name. Moreover, the designation must then be used by others if there is to be any effective competition in the sale of the goods.

Through the operation of this rule the Coca-Cola Company lost rights only to a part of its name. The Dupont Company lost all of the word "cellophane," the Bayer Company all of "aspirin," and the National Biscuit Company all of "Shredded Wheat," for the use of which it had just paid a large sum of money. Harsh as this principle may appear to those who invent and popularize new products, it seems essential both to the enrichment and development of the language and to the maintenance of free competition. In the case of the colas, the consumer will benefit by having a choice among several competing brands varying slightly in flavor, and by a competition which is forcing some bottlers to give twice as many ounces for a nickel and to reduce prices slightly by selling six bottles for a quarter.

Coca-Cola likes to consider itself a sort of Cadillac of soft drinks, and its advertising, disdaining price competition, suggests luxurious swank and gracious hospitality. It now offers for a nickel, not only six ounces of carbonated beverage, but a vicarious participation in the life of a smarter set who serve their coke, like their champagne, in silver buckets. With sales higher than ever, it is thus adjusting itself to a new phase in its long and successful history. The celebrated "pause," it may be confidently expected, will continue for many years to refresh millions, particularly lawyers.

Poison in the Air

BY PHILIP G. BRADY

ONLY unfavorable weather conditions, fear of reprisal, and possibly other strategic reasons have thus far delayed the use of poison gas in the present total war. Now with clearer skies and calmer air, and with an invasion attempt likely, the most reassuring sensation an embattled civilian can feel is the weight of his gas mask on his shoulder or hip. The defensive civilian population will bear the brunt of the suffering when the first sharp warning rings out, "Adjust your masks! It's a gas attack."

In anticipation of this, the besieged millions in Great Britain have been painstakingly instructed for the last year and a half in the necessity and use of gas masks. They have been impressed with the importance of always keeping within easy reach the mask with which each has been provided. Recently they were requested to test the effectiveness of their masks by putting them on, placing a sheet of paper over the mouthpiece, and inhaling. If the mask is effective, the act of inhaling should be enough to hold the paper in position. Defective masks are replaced by air-raid wardens for about 60 cents. Children who have outgrown their masks are supplied with new ones free.

The defenders of Britain are supremely confident that they are prepared to cope with every conceivable form of chemical warfare that may be used against them. During the last war more than 9,000 poisonous vapors were examined for possible use in gas attacks. Rarity, expense, volatility, and other objections cut down the number considered of practical use to about twenty-eight. Of these, only lewisite had not been known previously. Since that time much research and experimentation have been done by chemical-warfare divisions in every country. New discoveries, if there have been any, have not been made known to the public, for they come under the heading of military information. Civilian chemists believe that variations of known gases are more likely to be used than anything entirely new.

The most feared of the known gases is mustard gas, which was a favorite during the last war. It smells strongly of garlic. The oily, brownish liquid from which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is derived attacks the eyes and seeps into body tissues to cause severe burns. The vapor has a similar but less severe effect. Known as the maid of all work because it accomplishes so much, mustard gas can lie about for a long time without losing its potency. Even in a high temperature it can persist for several days, while in cold weather it can conceal itself for weeks in the tar of roadways, in brickwork, in clothing, and then spring to life when the temperature rises. The liquid gives off dangerous vapor as long as it lasts.

Lewisite, named after the American chemist W. Lee Lewis, is a colorless gas formed by a reaction of acetylene with arsenic trichloride. It smells of geraniums but is capable of raising extremely painful blisters wherever it comes in contact with flesh. Phosgene, which attacks the lungs and respiratory passages, is marked by the odor of musty hay. It received a thorough trial during the World War and is rated high among gas weapons. Prussic acid is not highly regarded. France used 4,000 tons of this volatile gas in the last war but was unable to harm a field mouse. In addition to the deadly gases, "irritant" gases, more annoying than they are fatal, might be used to undermine civilian morale. They include tear gases, adamsite, which causes violent sneezing, and smoke bombs.

Ranking next to chemical masks as a defense against poison gas is the weather. For unless climatic conditions are exactly right, gas attacks lose their sting. Heavy rain washes gas completely away, breaking up and destroying even mustard gas. A gentle wind of five miles an hour is enough to render a phosgene attack ineffective in ten minutes. Hot air speeds up the dispersal of gases, and makes the danger period, except for mustard gas, very brief. Clouds and the lack of wind act like a blanket. At night, when surface air collects and drains into little valleys, gas is stored in these pockets and remains a source of danger.

Poison gas can be let loose in two ways—by bombing and spraying. The first is safer for the attackers but less accurate. An area about 150 yards square could probably be covered with a blanket of gas 15 feet high by a 250-pound bomb. Spraying is most effective when done from an altitude of less than 200 feet. At this height, however, the spraying planes are easy targets for anti-aircraft batteries. If they keep at a greater height, the mist from the liquid gas has no serious effect.

In addition to their gas masks, civilians have been advised to wear, whenever possible, oilskins, rubber boots, and air-tight gloves. First-aid treatment for gas burns has been given wide publicity. A daily ritual in the life of every civilian is the gas-mask drill, in which he holds his breath, opens his gas-mask carrier, and attempts to don the mask before taking another breath. Practice in this simple operation begets confidence for facing the severe test of courage a gas attack would bring.

In the Wind

A PROVINCIAL Argentine newspaper, *La Democracia,* recently received a letter from the Nazi Transocean News Agency which ran in part as follows: "We have been surprised to notice in your paper a marked anti-German tendency contrary to the ideological interests of this agency. We wish to remind you that although the monthly payments for our services are in arrears we have continued to provide you with our service without mentioning unpaid accounts, as we are aware of the financial situation of the country's press at the present time. . . . But for obvious reasons we will be forced to take firm measures in defense of our interests. If your paper . . . maintains its anti-German tendency we will suspend service immediately."

REVOLUTION: From a London dispatch to the New York *Times:* "It is quite common now to see Englishmen speaking to each other in public although they have never been formally introduced."

TEN YOUNG NEGROES were barred from the celebration of I Am an American Day in Chicago for carrying picket signs advocating employment of Negroes in defense industries. The ten were told by the police that the subject was not only "controversial" but that "the American Legion would object to it."

IN HIS LAST international broadcast Winston Churchill finished his address by reading the two final stanzas of Arthur Hugh Clough's "Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth." The verse before the two he read is also appropriate:

> If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars
> It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
> Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers
> And, but for you, possess the field.

HAVING HEARD that their city may be blacked out in the event of air raids, citizens of Kingston, Jamaica, have shown concern over the possibility that the fireflies which infest the city may betray it to enemy raiders. A recent letter to a Kingston newspaper suggests that a campaign to exterminate fireflies get under way immediately.

IN AN ARTICLE called Can Spanish Teachers Teach Students How to Think? in the educational journal *Hispania,* E. Herman Hespelt of New York University wrote "I am aware, as we all must be, that the time may be near at hand when our country will not want to make its young citizens thinkers, but to make them soldiers. War requires action and emotion, not reflection and judgment. It is the antithesis of the fulfilment of the individual; it is submergence and annihilation. In times of war our young people must not be taught how to think; they must be taught *what* to think. They must not challenge; they must acquiesce."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Drought, Defense, and Alcoa

BY THE time this is printed the rain may have come pattering on the dry brown watersheds of Southern rivers. It may have poured in gully washers across the red earth to fill up the lakes along the Tennessee River, to pour over the dams in now dusty Georgia and in Alabama, where the long drought has been keeping down the size of the potatoes and the onions and making silty the waters that hold the catfish. But when this was written, for the sake of power and especially power for aluminum, Southerners in a South already burning hot in May were being asked by the power companies to give up air conditioning in movie houses, baseball games at night when it is cool enough to enjoy them, and every other lavish use of electric power.

As far as I know, it was the first public sacrifice of major proportions asked for defense. It was a limited blackout, not for practice against the possibility of future bombing planes but for a present and essential purpose. Across the whole Southeast citizens were asked to sweat in darkness for the national security. And nobody complained about it. The country had to have aluminum even if dearly beloved "white ways" in little towns and big ones were turned off. But it ought to go into the record that the power shortage was not due merely to drought but also to the Aluminum Company of America, which everybody agreed had to have the power. The Aluminum Company had stubbornly declined to provide power for itself if, in providing it, it had to conform to the requirements of the Federal Power Act, which puts limitations upon the long-term unearned increment in the value of power projects using the nation's power resources.

As recently as the March just behind us, when people by and large and corporation officials also were aware of the increasing demands for aluminum, the Aluminum Company's subsidiary, the Nantahala Power and Light Company, undertook to withdraw from its declaration of intention to build the Fontana dam on the Little Tennessee River rather than build it under federal license requirements. That was after the corporation itself had spoken of the dam as essential to meet the urgent defense requirements. The Federal Power Commission refused to let it withdraw its application, but that refusal did not force the beginning of the project.

Of course, if it had been begun, it would not have been ready to help meet the conditions caused by the lack of rain in recent months. But the Aluminum Company did the same thing in 1937, when another of its subsidiaries, the Carolina Aluminum Company, for similar reasons abandoned its project at Tuckertown on the Yadkin River near its properties in central North Carolina. That project might be producing power now. Therefore at least a part of the power shortage which threatens aluminum production in the dry heat of early summer was created by the action of the Aluminum Company itself in what the Power Commission called its "complete unwillingness to accept provisions of federal law." But its deliberate failure to provide its power does not mean that the Aluminum Company is not going to get the power it needs. Plans have already been completed to create a power pool in the South which will assure the Aluminum Company of all the power it requires by a process which in effect provides for a rationing of everybody else.

There was no apparent disposition among power users in the Southeast to resist the request that "as a patriotic duty" they use as little power as possible. The city of Atlanta turned out its brightest street lights. Advertising signs became dark. Merchants turned out the lights in their show windows. If necessary, I think, people would be ready to forgo ice cubes, which have a very pleasant use in the late afternoons and the long outdoor evenings of the South. Indeed, I think they would go back to candles and spring water if necessary for national defense and with no more than good-natured grumbling. But it is not very pleasant in the dark to contemplate the fact that the sacrifice is not made to serve Uncle Sam alone but to help Uncle Sam save the Aluminum Company from the effects of its own declaration—before defense and in the midst of it—that it would produce no more power if, in producing it, it had to abide by federal law.

That the company must be given the power is not subject to much argument at a time when there is no argument at all about the necessity for aluminum. But even in national defense it is not the duty of the sacrificing citizen in the comparative darkness to make a part of his patriotism the faith that this drought falls on the just and the unjust alike. It doesn't. God alone may make the rain, but the Aluminum Company of America extended the dangers of drought to a danger to defense. It will take a lot of rain to wash away that fact.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE CLASSICS FIGHT BACK IN FRANCE

BY BERTHOLD C. FRIEDL and IRVIN EHRENPREIS

LATEST reports from occupied France indicate that the harsh Nazi censorship is provoking significant —though not overt—responses. Expressed as a return to the classics in general and to Montaigne in particular, these reactions have a meaning which can be appreciated only if we realize what the relationship between reading and censorship in France was before the occupation.

Indirect opposition to official suppression of important news has been reflected in reading habits since the very beginning of the war. A best-seller under the Daladier regime was "La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu" ("The Trojan War Will Not Take Place"), the theme of which is that, despite the overwhelming propaganda of the warmongers and the withholding of essential facts from the people, a war—merely on account of "Helen's beautiful eyes"—is surely impossible. For the French the irony of the fact that the Trojan War had been neither prevented by popular disapproval nor caused by a woman's beauty was hardly humorous. And the grotesqueness of the situation was only enhanced by the selection of the author of the book, Jean Giraudoux, as Commissioner for Information—or, in effect, chief of war-time censorship. When the Parisian satirical weekly, *Le Canard Enchaîné,* found inordinately large areas of its pages whitened by the local censor, therefore, it was not without some bitterness, as well as audacity, that the editors planted in the midst of one of the blank spaces a mocking quotation from "La Guerre de Troie."

But within the year French censorship was replaced by Nazi. Everything from "Mein Kampf" to "Jean Christophe" was outlawed; textbooks and fairy tales were included in the ruthless suppression of all literature not conducive to the achievement of Hitler's aims; leading scholars, working on such seditious material as the novels of Gustave Flaubert, were imprisoned; and the official literary scene in France was metamorphosed into wretched announcements of the kind of trivial lending-library novels which unlucky Professor Cestre had to report on for the New York *Times Book Review.*

And what is the best-seller today? Montaigne's "Essays" (1588)! To interpret this situation, it is necessary to understand what the classics, in less extraordinary times, have meant to the French reading public and what Montaigne offers that is of peculiar significance to France today.

The traditional French love for the classics has more often shown itself in respectful admiration than in enthusiastic daily reading. Indeed, there were often rather critical reactions to the required texts on the part of the *lycée* (college) and university students. Little enthusiasm used to meet the state theater's sixty sessions devoted to the presentation of Molière's comedy "The Learned Ladies" in the schools of Paris and the Seine district. The receipts from these performances, put on with excellent equipment, seldom covered the costs; even though the company was subsidized, the theaters were usually half empty; the press was deprecatory; and young people were more ready to mock than to admire. The *sauce de restaurant* (cafeteria ketchup—insipid because always the same) quality of the shows did little to attract audiences for even the most respected classical tragedies.

On the other hand, just before the collapse of France *Art et Action,* a Parisian dramatic workshop, was producing the same essays of Montaigne which have become so popular since the Germans assumed power, and it had no trouble in gaining for them a genuinely interested audience—by invitation only. By presenting the essays in dramatic form the producers found it possible to state ideas which would have been suppressed in other guise and at the same time to lend them an immediacy of effect which they lack in print. Comments on resistance to invasion, for example, seem uncannily appropriate to the conditions of Europe today:

> The most usual way to appease those minds we have offended (when revenge lies in their hands and we stand at their mercy) is by submission to move them to commiseration and pity. Nevertheless, courage, constancy, and resolution—means altogether opposite—have sometimes wrought the same effect. Edward, the Black Prince of Wales . . . could by no means be appeased . . . until . . . as in triumphant manner passing through their city, he perceived three French gentlemen, who alone, with an incredible and undaunted boldness, gainstood the enraged violence and made head against the fury of his victorious army. . . .

Nor is this example merely a lucky coincidence, for Montaigne—himself partly of Jewish descent—also saw France dominated by a vicious foreign autocrat, torn by religious pogroms, and divided against itself by selfish political dissension.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the same time, he found the learned professions dominated by a dependence upon authority which emphasized the unquestioned acceptance of unsupported opinion; his essays were intended to fight this willingness to be indoctrinated and to stimulate critical thinking on the part of their readers. His success is demonstrated by the popularity of the essays in this time of crisis. Now as never before we must fight those who "profess to deceive and beguile, not our eyes, but our judgment; and to bastardize and corrupt the essence of things" (Of the Vanity of Words). For whether it be Catherine de' Medici or Adolf Hitler, St. Bartholomew's Day or November, 1939, France or America, we must fight not only the men but the ideas behind them, not only the soldiers but the doctrines which give them their driving force.

To interpret this return to the classics, then, as nothing more than the inevitable result of having little of current interest to read is completely false. It is rather the resistance of the democratic forces of France to the Goebbels propaganda machine. It is both a warning to the fascists and a signal to the democracies that literate Frenchmen are beginning to fight back surreptitiously, by using their classics as a weapon against enemy indoctrination.

Caviar for the People

AMERICAN RENAISSANCE, ART AND EXPRESSION IN THE AGE OF EMERSON AND WHITMAN. By F. O. Matthiessen. Oxford University Press. $5.

A CLOSELY reasoned, closely printed volume of nearly 700 pages cannot be adequately discussed in as many words. It is possible here merely to touch upon some of Mr. Matthiessen's main themes, and to note the importance of his subject and the scrupulousness of his treatment.

The period which saw the publication of six such remarkable books as Emerson's "Representative Men," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables," Melville's "Moby Dick" and "Pierre," Thoreau's "Walden," and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" were not, literally, a renaissance; but because these writers themselves felt it to be one, Mr. Matthiessen has chosen to describe it thus. His purpose was to evaluate the fusion of form and content in their work. His method entailed the close scrutiny of what each of five major American writers believed concerning the function and nature of his art, and the extent to which his performance exemplified that belief. Their books are studied here in detail, not merely as the precipitate of the interaction between each author's intentions and talents, but also in relation to one another, and with a concern for their bearing upon the development of our literature. Finally, Mr. Matthiessen has sought to determine to what extent the works considered fulfil "the enduring requirements of great art," and so has occupied himself with the several writers' views of nature and society, of good and evil, and the effect of their convictions upon their style.

He has quite properly illustrated his exposition with copious quotations from the authors concerned, from their "ancestors," and from their literary descendants. The only relevant quotations that I miss are Pater's praise of the gem-like flame and Frost's query: "How can we write/The Russian novel in America,/As long as life goes so unterribly?" Indeed, the best writing in the book, as its author would be the first to acknowledge, is not his own: it is that of the greatest masters of prose in England and America and of one of our chief poets.

Recognizing that Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Hawthorne, and Whitman were all devoted to the democratic ideal, Mr. Matthiessen brings his book to a close with a discussion of the various ways in which they responded to what he calls "the myth of the common man." It is noteworthy that his preface concludes with a quotation from Louis Sullivan to the effect that the true scholar's works must prove "that he is a citizen, not a lackey, a true exponent of democracy. . . . In a democracy there can be but one fundamental test of citizenship, namely: Are you using such gifts as you possess for or against the people?" Mr. Matthiessen holds these standards to be the logical outgrowth of those set forth by Emerson in The American Scholar, and declares his own volume to have value only in so far as it answers the same demands. Undoubtedly he desires to use his immense erudition and fine analytical powers for the people. He shares the view of the writers he treats that literature should be functional and social, in the fullest sense of these words. But he has so many points to make, and he makes them with such a tantalized awareness of their multifarious implications and complications, that his learned and subtle volume is caviar to the general. It addresses itself to the cultivated intelligence, but will prove of interest primarily to the literary critic, and is a veritable seed bin for future Ph.D. theses. Unfortunately, the vitality of the authors discussed has not communicated itself to their patient student, and Mr. Matthiessen's detailed scrutiny of the many problems presented has somewhat obscured the main structure of his work.

His judgments on the five writers considered are, with one possible exception, remarkably just. He is inclined to overestimate Hawthorne, whom he regards as an ancestor of Eliot, perhaps because this novelist entertained "a religious conception of man's nature," and makes a virtue of his very limitations. At the outset Mr. Matthiessen rightly applies to Emerson "his own words about Goethe: he was the cow from which the rest drew their milk." He shows Thoreau to have diverged from his master chiefly because of a greater capacity for sensuous experience, and notes the healthy effect of this on his style. Similarly, he observes how Whitman's awareness of the power of sex helped him to speak a more natural language than his mentor. He sees Hawthorne and Melville possessed by a vision of evil which permitted them a sense of tragedy foreign to the bland old transcendentalist, and makes a nice distinction between Hawthorne's allegories and Melville's symbols. Throughout he offers a fruitful discussion of the development of that organic style which Emerson desired, and touches repeatedly upon the nature of tragedy, which, unlike his best pupils, Emerson did not plumb. One may differ with the author on various points, and regret that he leads one along so many crowded bypaths that it is hard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to see the wood for the trees. But chiefly one remains grateful to him for having elucidated with such discriminating scholarship the enduring values which make these writings live.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

England at War

THE LONG WEEK END. By Robert Graves and Alan Hodge. The Macmillan Company. $3.

LONDON FRONT. By F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

LETTERS FROM JIM. Edited by Cecil Roberts. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

COUNTRY NOTES IN WARTIME. By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

MANSION HOUSE OF LIBERTY. By Phyllis Bottome. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

WOMEN OF BRITAIN. Introduction by Jan Struther. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THIS IS LONDON. By Edward R. Murrow. Simon and Schuster. $2.

THEIR FINEST HOUR. Edited by Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebner. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WINGS OF VICTORY. By Ivor Halstead. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE R. A. F. By Charles Gardner. David McKay Company. $2.50.

THE NINE DAYS' WONDER. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN. The Official British Air Ministry Record. Garden City Publishing Company. 25 cents.

MY FIRST WAR. By Captain Sir Basil Bartlett. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

ONE is tempted to say that the best thing about "The Long Week End" is its title. A social history of Great Britain during the unhappy-go-lucky period of 1918-39 is an urgent necessity just now. However, few politically minded people will be satisfied with this behaviorist effort in mass observation, which, indeed, makes no serious pretense of analyzing social movements. What one is given is an amusing account of matters of public gossip, of the attitude of the press, and of the furors of the intellectual tea parties. The woman question, sex, screen, and stage, pacifism, nudism, and hiking—the last three nicely conjoined in one chapter—and so forth, are only occasionally ballasted by common-sense political observations. In the chapter Revolution Averted, 1919, and Revolution Again Averted, 1926, the authors touch lightly upon profounder realities. They have no prejudices, except in favor of being bright, and they write well and wittily. To one who saw England from another vantage point "The Long Week End" is a libretto for an opera bouffe to be performed on the side of a volcano in eruption.

And yet the book has its value. It reminds one that the mass of people are not so political as the columns of intelligent magazines appear to suggest. The superficial attitude of Britain during appeasement is adequately described. It serves to warn one that public support of that policy was based upon an unanalytical longing for peace, not at any price, but on extended credit. Again, the Britain that now fights a just war is in some part the Britain described in this book. That should warn all liberals that the war cannot be expected to have *automatic* consequences for social good in Britain.

To a great extent ideas of social progress are entertained and developed in war-time Britain outside the old political parties of the right and left. The orthodox ideas of conservatism, liberalism, socialism, communism, and the like are manifesting little power to shape men's minds. So much is suggested by the stream of books pouring out of Britain. In this country the war is very often viewed through purely ideological spectacles. That is, perhaps, easier at a distance, just as European revolutions are easy of contrivance in New York. Few of the books that have come my way show signs of serious political thought. The British war effort is most often regarded as an effort in survival. One might take "London Front" as an example. To be charitable to its authors, they are decent inconsequential folk who might well figure in "The Long Week End." F. Tennyson Jesse, a successful minor novelist of some distinction, and her dramatist husband write letters to prominent theatrical or literary persons, such as Alexander Woollcott. These letters, with replies, make up the book. The writers view the war simply as a struggle for liberty, the old sort of liberty. After the war everyone will be kinder, and doubtless some measure of the Labor Party's program will be put into effect. The authors' passion is directed against the external enemy alone. Against the interior one, viewed chiefly as indifference, they manifest, in the fine saying of Marx, melancholy indignation. One is distrustful of a "liberal" who can say, as Mr. Harwood does, that if one could press a button and annihilate that "cancer in the world" the German people, one would do it.

"Letters from Jim" is also non-political. The author, a protege of Cecil Roberts, according to the publisher's statement is a "typical" English youth. His letters are naive yet rather self-conscious descriptions of action in France and encounters with people in England after the great disaster of midsummer, 1940. Apparently the war has no meaning for Jim. It is merely something to be fought cleanly and bravely. He seems not to have heard of fascism; at least there is no trace of political thought within the book's covers.

"Country Notes in Wartime" ought not to be included in this omnibus review. Its author, I know, does possess political ideas. They are deliberately omitted in this collection of finely wrought essays. Somehow this little volume awakened more nostalgia for England, and more admiration, than any of the others. That power it owes to its real beauty of style.

In "Mansion House of Liberty" one touches a more substantial conception of England. Phyllis Bottome was a conservative anti-Nazi long before the outbreak of war. Her vivid, popularly written account of London life beneath the Luftwaffe is the product of a vigorous mind and an informed social conscience. None the less, there is little hint here that people are much occupied with concrete thought about social problems. Courage, cheerfulness, and social morale are her matters. Jan Struther, also, is a genuine anti-fascist, and the letters she has collected in "Women of Britain" have been written by people of more than average intelligence. They are good letters and give a better picture of English war-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time mentality than any others yet published. The Soldier's Wife, for instance, writes that the "Russian pact news today made me feel faint when I read it." Yet she sensibly rallies and decides that fighting a war is better than living like the German people.

The journalists have also been busy with the "social" scene. Sound reporting fills "This Is London," by the chief of the CBS foreign news staff. Among the books on the war as fighting, no other can touch the superb journalism of "Their Finest Hour." It is lean, muscular stuff, swift and thrilling and wholly objective, written by *Life's* correspondents. One notes again the entire absence of even a trace of political attitude in the soldiers whose experiences are described. And one is not looking for theoretical descriptions, but for even the smallest indication of political attitude. The level of journalism reached in this last book is nowhere achieved by "Wings of Victory" or "First Blood for the R. A. F.," both of which are badly written impressions of air warfare. They do not excite, and that is a serious fault in war books that do not seek to explain. What one does see is that the R. A. F. is composed of magnificently brave men who are fighting in a simple spirit of patriotism. The evacuation from Dunkirk receives a vigorous and thrilling description in "The Nine Days' Wonder." If we accept it as faithful, it is valuable for its illumination of British morale. A semi-technical and extremely interesting account of the August-October air warfare is contained in the penultimate book on my list. It is, perhaps, the only one among the shooting-war books that *Nation* readers would do well to read. The most interesting element of Captain Bartlett's book I found to be the perhaps unintended confirmation of radical criticism of France; for the rest it is a shrewdly observant, dry-humored account of war experiences, of no great moment for *Nation* readers.

RALPH BATES

IS THIS TRUE OF YOU?

"It is vain to hope that Hanson W. Baldwin's book, UNITED WE STAND, will be read by 'every intelligent citizen'," writes Lindsay Rogers in THE NATION. "It is too serious, too closely reasoned, and too replete with facts, figures and tables."

Does this apply to you? Or are you among those who will take the time to find out *where we really stand today in matters of defense?* Then get a copy now of this tremendously important book by the man of whom Malcolm Cowley in *The New Republic* says, "Baldwin is the most widely respected of our writers on military affairs. He seems better informed and speaks with a tone of greater authority than any other civilian. The story he tells is partly reassuring but chiefly alarming."

Hanson W. Baldwin's

UNITED WE STAND!

— Defense of the Western Hemisphere —

The only book that tells what you want to know about the true state of our defenses!

$3.00 • WHITTLESEY HOUSE • New York

Words and Music

THE RECORD BOOK. By David Hall. Smith and Durrell. $3.50.

OF ALL the guides to recorded music for the layman's use this is surely the most ambitious. The author not only gives a very full list of works in every department of the musical repertoire, with comparisons of the various available performances of each, but he undertakes to give, in a running commentary, an account of the development of music, of the styles of individual composers, and of the methods and difficulties of the several sorts of recordings.

But no one can reasonably expect all this information in one book; so that Mr. Hall's work is not to be judged by its fulness, even though the index that displays it is its most impressive and useful feature. There are still more valuable things than scope, particularly in works that profess to initiate a public of laymen to one of the arts, and it is in these preferable qualities that Mr. Hall, who cannot achieve an impossible exhaustiveness, fails to achieve even a moderate measure of success. I have in mind lucidity, oneness of critical tone, and the power of mediation between ignorance and the beginnings of true knowledge. I have no doubt that many people will find his book easy to read and rich in plausible remarks about music and musicians; others will take pleasure in seeing their prejudices confirmed by an expert; but I believe, nevertheless, that apart from the routine data about late and early records the book will enlighten very few.

The first obstacle is the vocabulary, which does not sufficiently seek its own level. Unprepared readers, for instance, in trying to pick up some notions of musical history from the author's proffered fragments, will understand well enough that Haydn and others "got the new trend off to a strong start," but they will stumble on a phrase like "recasting . . . the homophonic style of the Italian school into the molds of sonata, rondo, and song forms." Seventy-five pages farther they will find a none-too-helpful footnote on the meaning of homophonic, but it will be a trifle late. More knowing readers will be bothered in other ways—by the ambiguous use of "dynamic" or the contradictory meanings of "romantic." In one place "dynamic" seems to stand for vigorous: "Toscanini is superbly dynamic here"—referring to his actually disappointing recording of Beethoven's Seventh; elsewhere, it conveys the technical meaning common in music. As for romantic, it is used to describe both the reason why Bach's music has endured and—on the previous page—the reason why Rachmaninoff disregards the markings in the score of Chopin's B-flat minor Sonata. Throughout, inaccurate or chaotic performance is romantic ("incorrigibly") and the essence of musical feeling from Bach to Brahms is also romantic ("profoundly").

Nor is the confusion limited to words. In so far as Mr. Hall has a philosophy of musical history, it is the usual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evolutionary scheme by which forms and composers grow out of one another like Russian dolls. This leads him to slight certain figures, like Gluck, or to force others, like Ravel, into derivative positions. At the same time, he has a high regard for something he calls perfection, or the perfect synthesis of subject and form, which is one of the two reasons he alleges for Beethoven's preeminence—as if every successful piece of music were not perfect in the same way, whether written by Beethoven or by John Philip Sousa. Yet by a turn that we come to expect from our author, he can also use "perfection"—as in speaking of Mendelssohn's chamber works—to imply his mild disdain of merely correct workmanship.

Throughout, the text is written like a blurb and the clichés of which it is composed ("succeeded amazingly well in piano works," "emotional hysterics," "Gallic reserve," "cerebral stuff," "a lovely songful work") makes it simply a pretentious amplification of the factual "Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" which many of us possess. Unfortunately, the pretense is not bad enough to be harmless, and when Mr. Hall hazards original subdivisions of musical periods such as "unpolitical Romanticism," including Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms, in order to contrast it with the "nationalistic and revolutionary" romanticism of Weber, Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, he is plausible enough to be misleading. In the same strain, he repeats the familiar cant about Berlioz, though without the usual animus; he supplies imaginary programs for pieces that have none; he ascribes the lack of success of certain operas to poor librettos, which is a convenient superstition; he insists on ranking musicians as the greatest this or that; he finds national traits wherever he can; and he utilizes existing popular preferences to insinuate the merits of old, new, or American music, "selling" us, for example, the St. Matthew Passion with the guaranty that it is "as dramatically effective as anything Wagner ever wrote."

This last bit of reverse English would be enough to prove that Wagner was always a lucky man, though I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Hall is a Wagnerite. His personal preferences are clear but not obtrusive. And no critic registers an oath in heaven that he will approve the same things as his fellows. But for this liberty he must pay. The price is that he shall never speak except in his own proper person. He must not, as Mr. Hall has tried to do, talk up good music by talking down to his readers and occasionally relapsing upward into the jargon of the schools. Writing about records seems to be a great temptation to this sort of sinfulness, for records are far from representing the whole of the musical repertoire and hence limit a man's choice artificially, not to say commercially; and records are also supposed to be a department of public education. Both features encourage canting, though Mr. Bernard Haggin has shown that this encouragement can be resisted by a critic who has a clear head, words to express himself, and his eye on the object rather than on his audience.

JACQUES BARZUN

In an Early Issue of The Nation
Thomas Mann's "The Transposed Heads"
REVIEWED BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

WHY ANOTHER WORLD WAR? HOW WE MISSED COLLECTIVE SECURITY. By George Gilbert Armstrong. Macmillan. $2.75.

ESTONIA. By J. Hampden Jackson. Macmillan. $2.25.

THE TRANSPOSED HEADS. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.

DEMOCRACY IN THE MIDDLE WEST, 1840-1940. By Jeannette P. Nichols and J. G. Randall. Appleton-Century. $1.25.

THE CHILD SPEAKS: THE PREVENTION OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. By Justice Jacob Panken. Holt. $2.50.

THE BRONTËS' WEB OF CHILDHOOD. By Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. Edited by Robert E. Riegel. Appleton-Century. Two Volumes. $6.50.

COLOMBIA: GATEWAY TO SOUTH AMERICA. By Kathleen Romoli. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

TODAY'S REFUGEES, TOMORROW'S CITIZENS: A STORY OF AMERICANIZATION. By Gerhart Saenger. Harper. $3.

GENERALS AND GENERALSHIP. By General Sir Archibald Wavell. Macmillan. 50 cents.

BRITAIN AT WAR. Edited by Monroe Wheeler. The Museum of Modern Art. $1.25.

QUISISANA CAMPS

At Center Lovell, in Maine's Pine Woods in the White Mountain Region
SITUATED ON LAKE KEZAR, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LAKE IN AMERICA
QUAINT • RESTFUL • ROMANTIC

Cheerful individual cottages with bath, fireplaces, electricity. Main Lodge rooms with or without private bath. Food of highest quality, wholesome, tempting. Golf, tennis, boating, swimming, natural sand beach. Excellent fishing: Salmon, Black Bass, Brook Trout. Non-Sectarian. Ownership-Management.

RATES FROM $35 A WEEK AMERICAN PLAN WRITE FOR BOOKLET
SPECIAL RATES JUNE 15-JULY 15 Quisisana Camps, Center Lovell, Maine

FREE

TO YOUR FRIENDS—

a copy of "A Survey of Two Worlds," a recent *Nation* supplement which analyzed the alternatives involved in the present world struggle and aroused country-wide discussion among leading newspaper editors and radio commentators.

Surely you have some friends you think might welcome this survey as enthusiastically as you did. Just send us their names and addresses. We shall be glad to mail a copy to each without any cost.

THE *Nation*
55 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF

HOLY SUBURB. By Elizabeth Atkins. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Miss Atkins's novel explores, with both amusement and sympathy, an authentic and little-exploited phase of American life—the small Middle Western denominational college, with all its prudishness, provincialism, and secret hankering for the more worldly ways of the big state university. Miss Atkins, who now teaches at the University of Minnesota, once lived in a suburb of Lincoln, Nebraska, where there was a newly founded Methodist college, and she probably draws liberally on her own recollections for the outlines and details of the Epworth College of her book.

SOME MEMORIES OF W. B. YEATS. By John Masefield. Macmillan. $1.25.

The poet laureate of England remembering W. B. Yeats sounds impressive. But the conjunction of the two names is the only reason we can surmise for publishing this little book of thirty-four pages. Masefield's anecdotes of Yeats are skimpy and unrevealing. The poems he consecrates to the death of the great Irishman—who himself sang so magnificently the death of heroes—are a stodgy imitation of Yeats's artful and impassioned rhetoric.

FILMS

Extras Again

Hollywood, May 29

A RECENT article published in this column entitled Screen Actors: Class B has evoked an irate and lengthy protest from William S. Holman, the producers' representative on the Standing Committee of the Motion Picture Producers and Screen Actors' Guild. Mr. Holman's letter is some four pages long, and space does not permit it to be printed in its entirety, but a few excerpts will give an adequate impression of its contents and allow a reply.

After a somewhat lofty opening Mr. Holman says, "On the whole his factual account of the situation of the extra player is facilely presented, although it bristles with minor inaccuracies. His conclusions, however, are simply inane. Just what does Mr. Bower mean when he says that in order to make the extras' lives tolerable there will have to be drastic revisions in the methods of hiring and classification?" This unwittingly cryptic remark refers to negotiations now under way to simplify classifications, improve hiring conditions, and increase wages, with the eventual end in view of creating a substantial body of extras earning a living wage.

Mr. Holman cites several minor inaccuracies in my article: "Anyone who hopes to obtain work as an extra at any one of the studios . . . must be registered at Central Casting." There are in fact one or two minor agencies for extra work in existence, and extras also obtain work occasionally through direct studio booking, but for any extra who hopes to work at all regularly registration at Central Casting is a virtual imperative, and I imagine that 100 per cent of the extras are registered at Central Casting, a privilege which costs nothing. He also cites my statement that the Screen Actors' Guild raised the minimum daily wage for extras from $3.50 to $5.50. Though the increase in extras' wages was coincidental with the activities of the Guild, it can, I suppose, be interpreted as benevolence on the part of the studios, but if that is what Mr. Holman means, his accusation should be not inaccuracy but a difference of opinion.

After another page the letter continues, "I have now finally arrived at the comment of Mr. Bower to which I take particular exception." Then he quotes from the article: "That this is a miserable form of making a living can be very easily seen. The Guild has already accomplished much for the extras. . . . but there still remains a great deal to be done." And he replies: "Just what is it that remains to be done? In view of the statistics cited by Mr. Bower in the body of his article the answer seems obvious, and yet Mr. Bower ignores the answer completely, and his comments carry the strong implication that what is required to remedy the extras' plight is *further exactions from the employing studios on the part of the Guild*" (my italics). Just what further exactions does Mr. Holman mean, since he does not credit the Guild with the extras' wage increase?

Mr. Holman's "obvious answer"—which actually was not within the scope of the article—is based, he writes, on the First Recommendations of the Standing Committee delegated jointly by the Guild and the producers to make a survey of the problem of the extra player. He quotes from the First Recommendations:

> As we have indicated, our investigation has disclosed that the industry does not offer sufficient extra work to provide for all aspirants the possibility of a living wage.
>
> We believe that the number will have to be made sufficiently small so that most of them can make a better than substantial living out of their employment.
>
> No wage scale, however extravagant, is in itself adequate to support any person. An annual income is the only test of whether one is making a living.
>
> Our investigation gives abundant evidence that the economic condition of most of the extras is entirely unsatisfactory.

Mr. Holman's letter than continues: "This report, based on an exhaustive survey of conditions in the industry, shows conclusively that the only possible approach to a solution of the problem of the extra player lies in a sharp curtailment in the number of workers permitted to share in the annual expenditures of the industry for this type of work. Both the Guild and the producers have accepted and indorsed this solution, and negotiations are now in progress between them which confidently are expected to result in the initiation of practical steps to accomplish this end in the very near future."

Now Mr. Holman calls this reduction in the number of extras both a solution and an approach to a solution in the same paragraph; which does he mean? The operative quotation from the report seems to be the one that states: "An annual income is the only test of whether one is making a living." A sharp curtailment in the number of extra workers would not guarantee a livable income for the rest unless the cut were so drastic as to be absolutely impracticable. At the moment steps are being taken to bar casual extras, that is, to eliminate extras who for reasons other than ill health or accident have worked less than ten days during the past year. This will account for some 2,000 extras, leaving some 5,000 to share in an annual income which last year totaled $2,259,766, about $500 apiece. Under present conditions the industry could provide a livable income for only about 1,500 extras at the most optimistic estimate, and to reduce the number of extras to this level could not possibly suit anyone, least of all the producers. It is impossible to resist the temptation of asking Mr. Holman why, if the answer to the extra problem is so obvious and so simple, some $80,000 has been spent by the Standing Committee in investigating the "problem of the extra player."

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON

Walt Disney's plans to entertain the press with a conducted tour of the studio, a preview of his new picture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Reluctant Dragon," and cocktails were rudely interrupted, along with the general work of the studio, by a walkout on the part of the Screen Cartoonists' Guild. A threatened strike at the Schlesinger studio was averted when Leon Schlesinger decided to sign the Guild agreement. This Disney refuses to do, and he wishes to hold an election at the studio between the Guild and the recently created American Society of Screen Cartoonists, which the Guild declares is just the company-sponsored Federation of Cartoonists remade. There is so far no indication of an agreement, and the studio and the local theaters showing Disney products are surrounded by pickets carrying such signs as "Snow White and Seven Hundred Dwarfs," "One Genius—Twelve Hundred Guinea Pigs."

RECENT FILMS

Way back in 1923 Rudolph Valentino seared the screens of the nation with his passionate interpretation of the *torero* in "Blood and Sand"; now we have Tyrone Power, slightly trammeled by the Hays office but heavily aided by the most striking technicolor, playing the same role to some effect. The plot is both familiar and dull and serves only to provide material for a spectacle which is at times breath-taking; some of the color effects are a little too exuberant, but the bull-ring sequences are really exciting and beautiful. The most surprising feature of the picture is that while most of the players speak in measured and stylized tones meant to indicate that they are foreigners, Mr. Power, whose make-up is more Spanish than any Spaniard ever thought of being, talks tough enough to qualify for a gangster role.

A rather doleful piece entitled "Shining Victory" tells of life among the doctors in a Scottish mental home. Quite a lot of familiar characters are collected in the home—the frustrated spinster, the earnest young lady doctor, the wise and aging practitioner from whom words of wisdom simply gush, and the hero doctor, apparently rather crusty but in reality as soft as a marshmallow. A. J. Cronin was responsible for the story.

Miss Neagle's consistent reappearances in screen musical comedies is one of the mysteries of the movie world—"Irene," "No, No, Nannette," and now "Sunny." Miss Neagle, a most talented actress, dispenses the same air of dignity in her musical-comedy roles as in her portrayals of such characters as Queen Victoria, with far less happy results.

ANTHONY BOWER

RECORDS

TO LAST month's superb set of the Prelude and Finale of "Tristan und Isolde" played by the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler Victor now adds an equally fine one of the Prelude and Good Friday music of "Parsifal" played by the same orchestra and conductor (Set 514, $3.50). It has been interesting to observe in these performances an emotional and stylistic continence and a related sense for continuity of structural outline that are not revealed in Furtwängler's performances of symphonic music. Not only interesting but a pleasure; for they are completely satisfying performances of these works—the first we have had on recent records as alternatives to what Stokowski has recorded.

Another fine set (772, $6.50) offers a large part of the music which Frederick Austin arranged for the 1920 London production of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric Theater, Hammersmith, using the music which Pepusch put together for the original work out of the popular tunes of the time. They are delightful, and are well sung by Audrey Mildmay of the Glyndebourne Company, Michael Redgrave of "The Lady Vanishes," and a number of others with chorus and small orchestra under Michael Mudie. A serious fault is that most of the words can't be understood; and Victor does not supply a printed text.

My disappointment after hearing the duets and arias from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" recorded by Rethberg and Pinza (Set 783, $3) is as great as my anticipation before I heard them. Rethberg, who used to delight one's ear with the exquisite sounds that she produced without effort, now seems to have difficulties with production that cause her upper range to be clouded by a strong tremolo, sometimes to sound acidulous, and sometimes to be off pitch; and the first two faults are evident on these records. Pinza, on the other hand, offends with the style of his singing, making his points with exaggerated nuances and contrasts of color. Nor is there the light-footed grace and sparkle that there might be in the orchestral accompaniments. And on a high-fidelity machine the recorded sound has a coarseness and harshness that can be eliminated by reducing the fidelity, and that is not heard on a small machine of limited frequency-range.

Though the so-called Trio Sonatas of Bach were written for the two-keyboard cembalo with pedals, Harvey Grace argues that they should be played on the organ. He points out that they were written as exercises in organ technique, and that the instrument they were written for was the practice-instrument which every student of the organ had in his home; further that the writing includes sustained notes which require the sustained tone of the organ, and that the three-voiced polyphony is most effectively projected with the varied colors of the organ. Although, therefore, the polyphony is spaced out in the two-piano arrangements of Nos. 4 and 5 recorded by Vronsky and Babin (Set 778, $3.50), and although in this way it is clearly defined much of the time, there are occasions when the voices are not distinguishable for lack of the organ's differentiating colors. For the rest the performances are polished and spirited; as for the music, No. 4 is engaging, and No. 5 has a fine opening movement followed by movements which I find uninteresting.

Suk's early Serenade for string orchestra, beautifully played by the Czech Philharmonic under Talich (Set 779, $4.50), is facile, melodious writing without much point. The music from Gluck's "Don Juan," well recorded by the Victor Chamber Orchestra (13648, $1), is moderately enjoyable (the part concerned with Don Juan being dragged down to Hell sounds like a passage in "Orfeo"); Hadyn's Overture in D and Mozart's Marches K 335 and 408, well played by the Société des Concerts Orchestra under Fendler (4549, $.75), are inconsequential. Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto in G minor is not a work that I care much about even when it is well played; much of the time it suffers from steel-fingered playing by Sanroma and the brassy accompaniment of the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Fiedler (Set 780, $3.50). Nor can I hear any reason for investing in Hanson's Suite from his opera "Merry Mount," well recorded by the Eastman-Rochester Symphony under the composer's direction (Set 781, $2.50); Piston's "Carnival Song," recorded by the Harvard Glee Club with a brass ensemble of the Boston Symphony and organ, under the direction of G. Wallace Woodworth (18013, $1); and Kleinsinger's "I Hear America Sing," to words of Walt Whitman, recorded by John Charles Thomas, the I. L. G. W. U. Chorus, and the Victor Symphony, under Nat Shilkret (Set 777, $2.50).

B. H. HAGGIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

For Action Not Debate

Dear Sirs: In the last analysis, we who are asking people to defeat Hitler are asking them to defend the status quo. Some maintain that this is asking too much, since the status quo has so many defects; I say that there is no time to cure the defects prior to effective national action.

I say further that the foreign policy of the United States must be the guide and not the result of public opinion. The Administration owes it to the people to use its total might to defeat the enemies of the national state. We are going to debate ourselves to death. I suggest an immediate national "debating holiday" similar to the banking holiday, followed by striking and unrestricted action to insure the defeat of Italy and Germany and Japan.

T. A. TENOR

Beaver Falls, Pa., May 27

Our New National Gallery

Dear Sirs: I cannot imagine a more wrong-headed and wrong-hearted criticism than that of Mr. Lazare on the National Gallery in your issue of May 17. I fully agree with Mr. Lazare's strictures on the badly outdated, over-pretentious, and over-costly building. Where I emphatically disagree with him is on his criticism of this brand-new gallery as if it had been running for many years with abundant funds which it had misspent; he took the tone that one might reasonably assume toward the National Gallery in London or the Kaiserfriedrichmuseum.

Our National Gallery begins with the gift of two private collections, that of the late Secretary Mellon and that of Samuel E. Kress. The pictures were obtained with the money of these generous donors, buying, with on the whole excellent advice, what they liked themselves under the limitations of the art market of the past quarter-century. Considering these facts, the initial richness of the National Gallery is extraordinary. We are asked to minimize the magnanimity of these public-spirited citizens because neither commanded, say, the experience of a Dr. Bode or the volcanic energy of a Lord Duveen.

Naturally there are omissions. If they are really troubling Mr. Lazare too deeply, let him undertake a possibly unique adventure in historical research and compare the first catalogue of the National Gallery in London with that of our bantling National Gallery. The comparison should relieve his gloom. As to these desiderata, the accession of the Widener collection will fill many of them nicely, while the normal activities of a competent professional staff commanding a great income will in no very distant future go far to balance the collections.

Mr. Lazare virtually reprehends the donors for failing to buy an Orcagna or a Piero della Francesca. Does he think Pieros and Orcagnas are in stock at the great picture dealers? If he will locate a good picture by either master I am confident that the National Gallery or Mr. Kress will buy it promptly.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Washington Crossing, Pa., May 26

Dear Sirs: Mr. Mather has evidently misconstrued my opinions on the subject of the National Gallery, and I am grateful to him for the opportunity to make them more explicit. I cannot, in the first place, regard as satisfactory any museum or private collection of the proportions of the National Gallery which excludes all aspects of contemporary art; second, this omission is all the more conspicuous in the present instance since the collection is, to an appreciable extent, made up of anonymous journeymen, pupils, and imitators whose chief iconographic significance is their own contemporaneity with the Renaissance; third, the comparative youth or age of the museum is of no relevance in this connection since its by-laws render the permanent acquisition of contemporary art virtually impossible.

Mr. Mather's suggestion that the museum's donors lacked the guidance and "volcanic energy" of experts seems to me a little far-fetched. The sources of many of the transactions may be traced through the catalogue (it has, in fact, been a matter of common knowledge in the art world how much intrigue, string-pulling, and personal profit entered into these various guidances). No, I do not know offhand where an Orcagna or a Piero della Francesca is to be picked up —nor did I mean to suggest that paintings by masters are shopped for like tea-cozies. But I do know that Mr. Kress footed extensive restorations in the cities of Cortona, Spoleto, Mantua, and Ravenna and enjoyed, in return, a considerable freedom of choice in Italy. I think, too, that the Hermitage in Russia, which sold Mr. Mellon a number of his treasures, might have been tapped more resourcefully.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

New York, May 28

Blitz on Glass and Plaster

[*The following letter was received recently by one of the editors of* The Nation.]

Dear ——*:* All day long yesterday and now again today there has been a continuous sound of shoveling glass in the street—the result of Wednesday night's raid. We live in a short street of rather large, strongly built brick houses, with a hospital opposite. The raid started early, which usually means that it is going to be a bad one. And it was! We moved out of a living-room with a large window on the garden to the top of the stairs, which had two inside walls. We stayed there until an old colonel who has the ground-floor flat invited us to come in and have some whiskey. It is pleasanter to be with people on such occasions, so we went in, and while he was becoming eloquent on taking bombs lightly, the whole of a big bow window seemed to lift up and bring with it a Niagara of broken glass. I suppose the thick black-out curtains must have stayed the passage of the glass, for only one woman got her head cut and that not badly. We all made for the door in case the house should follow the glass, for it was rocking gently. When it stopped, we went to size up the damage. Most of the other windows, with their frames, were blown in. The blast shattered two doors leading into two passages and then shattered two inside doors in its path. The sitting-room where we had been was in chaos—all the plaster on the floor, furniture blown hither and thither; I suppose we should have been blown, too, if we had stayed there. We could use only torches, for the black-out curtains had come down and anything was a target.

We then went to see what had happened to another house in the same street where my sisters lived. One had been sitting in front of the fire when

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESORTS

SWIMMING · TENNIS · BICYCLING · HORSEBACK · SOCIAL STAFF

25 WAYS TO "HAVE FUN"

Cram that week or weekend of vacation with your pick of all outdoor sports . . . indoor pleasures like Table Tennis, Recorded Musical Treasures, Library, Open-Hearth Fires and Adult Entertainment. Good food—congenial company—modern quarters and appointments.

Early Bird Rates $22.50—$25 to June 25th

Make July 4th Week-End Reservations Now

N.Y. OFFICE 55 WEST 42nd ST. TEL. LO-5-5857

A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

CHESTER'S ZUNBARG

WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150

YOU'LL LIKE

Pauls

A BETTER RESORT HOTEL

Honeymooners Treated With Studied Neglect

enticing june rates

"Accent on Tennis"

SWAN LAKE — New York

IDEAL FOR HONEYMOONERS

The LITTLE CLUB

ON SCHROON LAKE In the Adirondacks NEW YORK

GOLF • PRIVATE BEACH • TENNIS

Hotel with All Outdoor Activities

Special Rates to June 27 T. N. FLAUM

Tall Pines —It's *ever-green* for your early spring vacation. A reposeful retreat with refreshing food at relaxing rates. June rates, $18 a week. Swimming, boating, fishing, biking, table tennis, handball, tennis.

One hundred rolling acres at Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, N. Y. Phone 2741 L. SAKOW

Birdland

Central Valley, N. Y.

Formerly Lewisohn's Estate — Open All Year

One hour from N. Y. 225 acres of fascinating hiking country. Sports: Everything—fast tennis courts, handball, swimming, golf and horseback. Indoors: Ping Pong, games, recordings, library, dancing, exceptional company, excellent cuisine. Every comfort, incomparable surroundings. Tel: Highland Mills 7895. Your Hostess: Fannie Goldberg

---

The Fieldstone

On Round Island Lake

A place of unexcelled beauty for rest and relaxation. One hour from New York.

ALL SPORTS — OPEN ALL YEAR

MONROE, N. Y. Phone 7965

WESTERN VIEW FARM

NOW OPEN

TED OHMER—NEW MILFORD, CONN.

MAMANASCO LAKE LODGE

RIDGEFIELD, CONN. PHONE: 820

A luxurious country estate converted into a vacation paradise. New, modern, convenient. Magnificent lake. All outdoor sports—Golf—Riding—Water sports. Fine library. Musical Recordings. Sumptuous cuisine. 50 miles from New York.

OPEN ALL YEAR

RESORTS

ATTRACTIVE JUNE RATES

Green Mansions special June rate includes free use of private golf course. New theatre, lounge, cocktail bar, sun-decks. Log Cabin Clubhouse, each room with private bath. Lake, 13 championship tennis courts, all on premises.

LENA BARISH: SAM GARLEN
Directors

N. Y. C. office: 11 W. 42nd St.
Telephone: BRyant 9-1738

Write for Booklet N

Green Mansions

In the Adirondacks-WARRENSBURG, N. Y.

BREEZEMONT PARK

ARMONK, N.Y.

A Country Estate in the Scenic Hills of Westchester County

If you choose your hotel with the same care and taste as you would your home, visit this nearby resort. Exclusive. Dignified. Luxuriously furnished. All sport facilities. Excellent cuisine. Less than one hour from New York City.

Phone: Armonk Village 955 Open All Year

ROBIN HOOD LODGE

WARRENSBURG NEW YORK

A delightful Adirondack resort 1 mile from village

Special rates $21 & $25 weekly include room, meals, private beach on Echo Lake, canoes, tennis, handball, cabins with bath.

Write for Booklet N

FORTY-LOVE

Because South Wind (with a capacity of 125) has built its four clay tennis courts with care, it has attracted a "Tennis Crowd"—a young, eager group of fine adults.

SOUTH WIND

WOODBOURNE, N. Y.

LARGE PRIVATE LAKE • ALL SPORTS

BEACON LIGHT HOTEL

Fishkill, N. Y. Beacon 1544

A beautiful estate in which to spend a quiet and entertaining vacation. All outdoor and indoor activities. Private Lake. Good food.

Just 55 miles from Times Sq. off Route 9

A HAVEN FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY AT

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

For Husband: 45 minu. Commuting Distance from Grand Central to Harmon. **For Children:** A fully equipped, modern camp. Excellent tennis courts, Swimming, Rowing, Handball, Horseback Riding, Billiards, Ping-Pong, Dance Orchestra, etc. SUPERB AMERICAN-JEWISH CUISINE.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y. Phone 1403

MANYA'S HOTEL, on picturesque Ball Pond Lake. Homelike atmosphere, water sports, Russian-American cuisine. Modern. For reservations phone SOuth 8-8198 or Danbury, Conn., 4330.

RESORTS

ECHO LAKE LODGE

A Camp for Adults

IN THE ADIRONDACKS Warrensburg N.Y.

An Invitation To the Premiere!

Intimate
Informal
Inexpensive

JUNE RATES $22.50 and $25

Booklet N on Request

CITY PHONE: VAnderbilt 6-4888

For a JUNE VACATION That Surpasses Anticipation

. . . come along to GLENMERE. Discover the thrills of a new kind of vacation on our 1600 Acre private estate. Special plans and attractive low rates for June. All Sports. FREE GOLF . . .

N. Y. C. Phone REctor 2-5047

Glenmere

CHESTER 51 Miles from N. Y. C. NEW YORK Chester 200

There's Nothing So Pleasant

—As a gay June vacation at the new Forest House . . . Come up and get a preview of outdoor sports . . . Excellent accommodations and cuisine. Warm hospitality . . . Low rates. Only 50 miles from N. Y. C.

FOREST HOUSE PHONE MAHOPAC 688

Lake Mahopac New York

FOR ALL-YEAR ROUND VACATIONING

Forest Park

Formerly a millionaire's estate. 150 acres of unusual beauty. Exclusive location. Up-to-the-minute accommodations. All sports facilities. 45 miles from city.

Make Early Reservations

MONROE, N. Y. Phone 7755

PLUM POINT

the year round vacation resort

Magnificent estate on the Hudson River. Only 53 miles from New York. All outdoor sports. Saddle horses on grounds. Fine library. Musical Recordings. Superlative Cuisine. Booklet Sent on Request.

Write P. O. Box 471, Newburgh, N. Y.

Phone Newburgh 4270

Twin Pines on Trout Lake

An ADIRONDACK Adult Camp: Complete — Modern

4 doubles tennis courts; cement handball courts; swimming, boating, etc. Hotel comforts—camp informality. Open June; (main house) $25 per week.

N. Y. C. Tel.: TRiangle 5-8550

TWIN PINES

J. Saidel, Manager

P. O., Lake George, N. Y.

HATHAWAY LODGE

Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy Estate, in the beautiful Hills of the Sky. Large, luxurious rooms most of which have fireplaces and private porches. Tennis, Handball, Swimming Pool, Horseback Riding, also Golf nearby. Excellent American-Jewish food. A vacation you'll never forget. Reasonable Rates. For reservations or information write—

HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y
Or phone MUrray Hill 2-2492

There is only one

RED OAKS

A Country Estate just 50 miles from New York

at ELBERON, NEW JERSEY

Under the Management of

MASCHA & HYMAN STRUNSKY

ALL SPORTS OPEN ALL YEAR

Tel.: Long Branch 3330

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISCELLANEOUS

THE GROUP FORUM

Seymour H. Seligson, Chairman
Meets at Hotel Peter Stuyvesant—2 West 86th St.
Tuesday Eve., JUNE 10, at 8:45 P. M.

CHIH MENG

Author of "China Speaks" will speak on

CHINA AND THE WORLD WAR

THE GROUP FORUM is Sponsoring A SERIES OF LECTURES AT

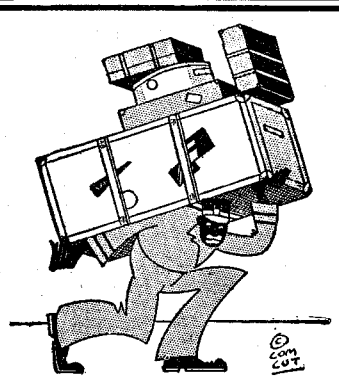
TIMBERLAND

For information, telephone: LO 5-3674

RESORTS

TIMBERLAND
POTTERSVILLE • NEW YORK
The Rare Charm of an Intimate, Congenial Group
Limited to 100
5 Clay Tennis Courts—Social & Athletic Activities
JUNE RATES: $24.50 & $27.50
N. Y. C. OFFICE
35 West 42nd Street
Phone: LO 5-3674
DIRECTORS
Harry N. Boardman
Louis A. Rothblatt
A MODERN CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS

LE HAMEAU on Delaware River. Mountains. 1200 ft. Unexcelled French-American cuisine. River sports, tennis on premises. June $18. Rigaud & Simon, EQUINUNK, Pa.



MOVING?

If you are a *Nation* subscriber and expect to move soon, please give us two weeks' notice and your old address as well as new address.

Write to *The Nation*
55 Fifth Avenue New York City

Your Kind of Customers!

There are more than 35,000 readers of *The Nation* doing what you are doing—reading this advertisement. If you have something of interest to offer them—call *The Nation Advertising Department* for particulars.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES:
62c a line (six words)
Minimum 3 lines
$6.16 an inch

THE NATION
55 Fifth Avenue New York City
ALgonquin 4-3311

the door immediately behind her was blown in, but she wasn't touched. All the curtain rods were twisted into serpents, and there was a sea of glass. The odd thing was that it was the inside and not the outside of the house that was devastated. All of us from the two houses had by this time collected in a ground-floor room—among us two young women in helmets and trousers and a young soldier. One group played animal, vegetable, or mineral, while another disputed whether this was a worse raid than they had had at—wherever it was. Then bombs began to fall—north, south, east, west; across the road, up the street. Of course we felt they were all aimed straight at us. Every minute or so there was a thud, so heavy that the whole earth shook. We heard the swish of the bombs—they take a pestiferous time to fall. Now and then the wearers of the tin hats ducked and banged each other's heads with a metallic clang. It is difficult not to duck. Then the room was brilliantly illuminated. An incendiary bomb had fallen in the back garden. One of the tin-hatted girls jumped out of the window and put a bag of sand on it, and it went out at once. They aren't difficult to put out if you aren't afraid of them. There were many more incendiary bombs, all of which were dealt with. In the street a Canadian soldier kicked one, scattering the bits about the street. A piece stuck to his boot, and he had to kick that off. These appalling thuds went on and on. We tried not to look at our watches.

At last dawn came, and we tried to find our beds, which were smothered in plaster. The lights in our house had gone out, and down the stairs of the other house water was dripping. My bed was whole, and after scrubbing half an inch of dust off my face, I slept deeply.

The next day all the devastation appeared. You could hardly see for the dust. The thing was where to begin. Mrs. Powell and I—she is the daily woman—began by lifting large slabs of plaster off the kitchen floor, for we felt we must be able to do something about food. The gas hadn't gone, fortunately. We carried bucket after bucket of mess out into the road, all the time swallowing dust by the peck. People turned up asking for lodging, but we hadn't any with all those wrecked rooms. They ought to invent something better than plaster for ceilings if we are to have the luxury of blitzes. Everybody was worn out but rather glad to be alive and a little proud of having managed the raid successfully. I must say morale was pretty good. You couldn't help feeling tense, but everybody talked and joked as though nothing much were happening. As I said, the noise of shoveling went on all day and is going on now.

I am sorry to say I have just lost all my work owing to further restrictions on paper. It is a bore not to do essential work—I mean like war correspondence or information, which is all there is just now. Wrecked homes are such a commonplace that it seems hardly worth while writing about them.

MURIEL HARRIS

London, April 18

CONTRIBUTORS

LEWIS COREY is the author of "The Decline of American Capitalism," "The House of Morgan," and "The Crisis of the Middle Class."

M. B. is a British seaman who has been serving on convoys for the past ten months.

JEROME H. SPINGARN is a New Jersey lawyer who has contributed articles to *Harper's*, the *New Republic*, and other publications.

PHILIP G. BRADY has written scientific articles for trade journals and other magazines.

BERTHOLD C. FRIEDL was for many years on the staff of the *Encyclopédie Française* and a regular contributor to *La Lumière, Vendredi*, and *Ere Nouvelle*. IRVIN EHRENPREIS has just received his Ph.D in English literature from Columbia University.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet and critic, has just received the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation award of $2,000 for the best book manuscript for children, "Walt Whitman: Builder for America."

RALPH BATES, distinguished English novelist, is the author of "The Olive Field, "The Fields of Paradise," and many other books.

JACQUES BARZUN, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, has recently published "Darwin, Marx, Wagner."

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED